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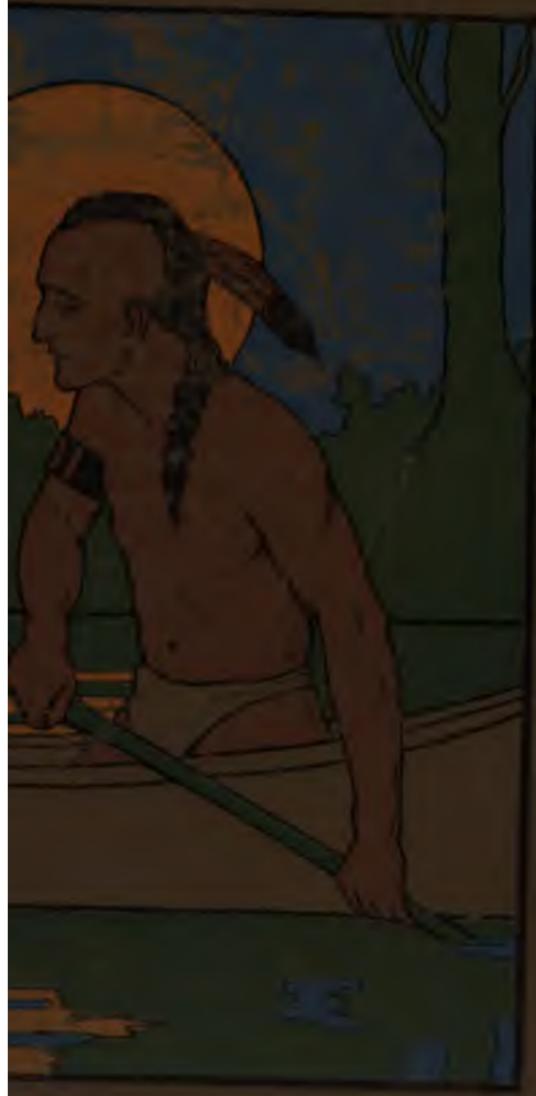
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# THE YOUNG SAGE



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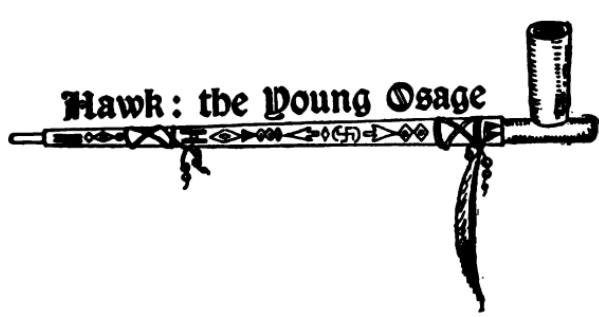


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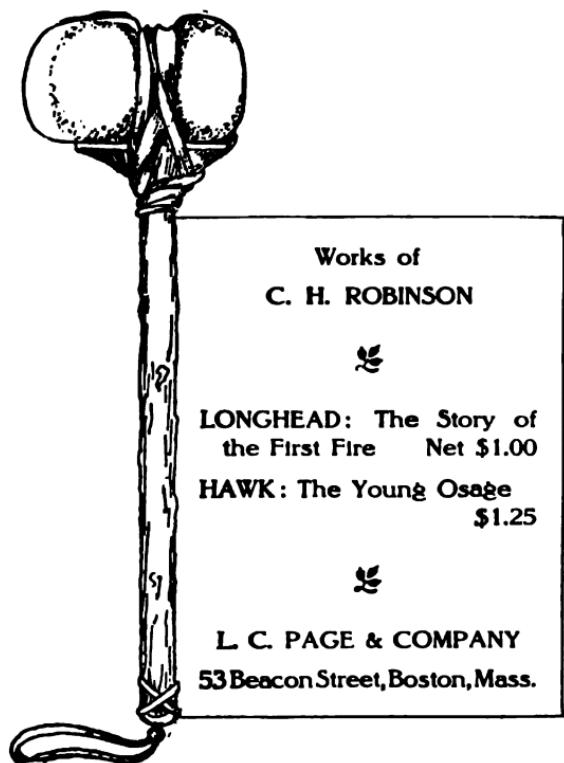
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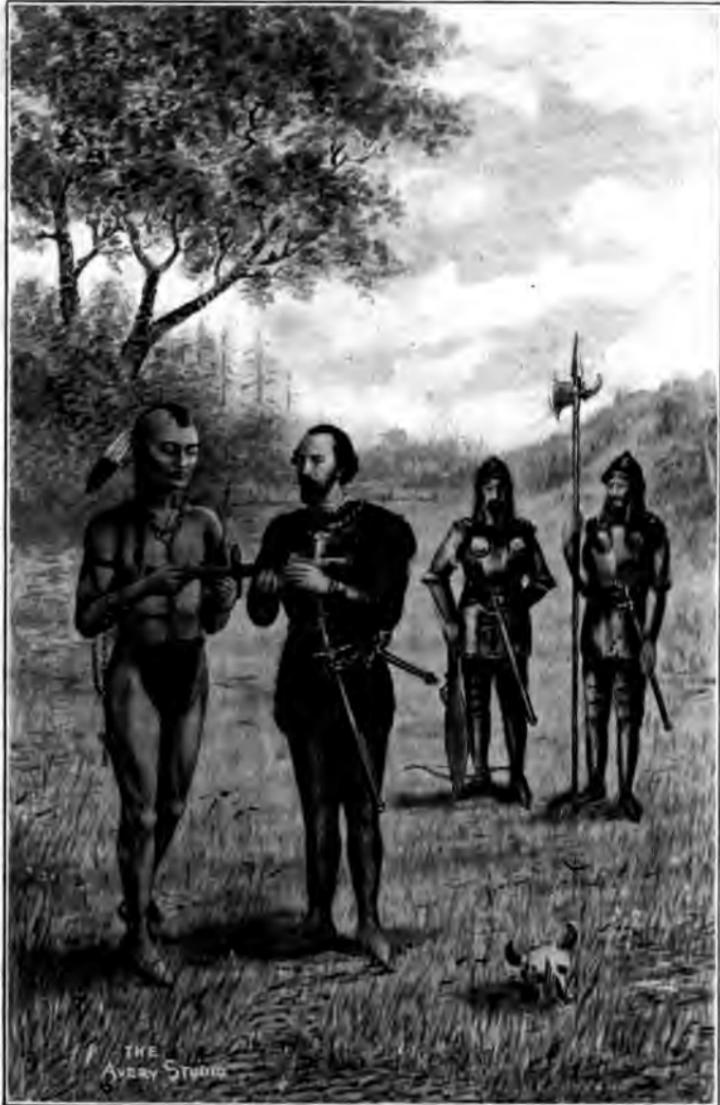
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Hawk : the Young Osage







THE  
AVERY STUDIO

"HE SET HAWK FREE, MAKING HIM A PRESENT OF . . . A SWORD AND A FINE DAGGER WITH A JEWELLED HILT."  
(See page 231.)

# HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

A STORY OF INDIAN LIFE AND  
ADVENTURES IN THE EARLY TIMES

BY  
**C. H. ROBINSON**

AUTHOR OF  
"LONGHEAD: THE STORY OF THE FIRST FIRE"

*ILLUSTRATED AND DECORATED BY  
THE AVERY STUDIO*



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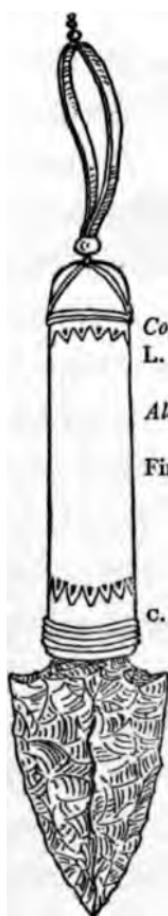
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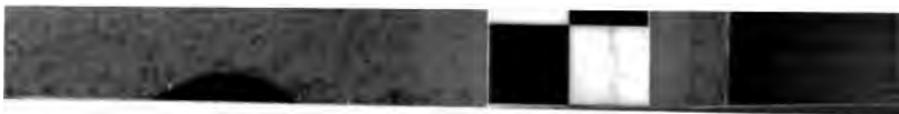
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# Hawk: The Young Osage

## CHAPTER I

### HIS CHILDHOOD

ONE pleasant evening an hour or two before sundown, a large black bear raised his head from a bed of leaves on a dry hummock in a canebrake near the Arkansas River. He blinked one eye sleepily and then the other; raised himself lazily upon his haunches; gazed dreamily around as if not fully awake, and, finally, rose to all fours and shook himself like a dog does on coming out of the water.

It now occurred to the bear that he was hungry, and, at the same time, he recollected there was a large blackberry patch

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not very far away, where the luscious fruit hung from the bushes in such profusion that by sweeping his fore paws through them, a bear could obtain a large mouthful at each stroke.

It was true the patch was not very far from a village of his enemy, man; but—and he shrugged his shoulders—"when one is hungry one must take some chances," and, besides, as he remembered, the berry patch was quite close to a dense thicket in which he could, if necessary, take refuge; and, being very hungry, he decided to risk it.

He pushed his way slowly through the canes until he came to a thicket of tangled grapevines, plum-trees and low brush, where he found a sort of path he had used several times on his way to the berry patch, and then he shuffled along more rapidly.

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## **HIS CHILDHOOD**

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He was now not far from the Indian village and could smell the smoke from its fires, so he moved cautiously, taking care to step on no sticks which might break under his weight and attract the attention of a hunter, and his progress was silent as that of a cat.

He had nearly reached the edge of the thicket and the appetizing odor of the berries was beginning to make his mouth water, when his nose detected another scent. He sniffed silently in two or three directions and then locating the new smell, he followed up the scent and in a few steps came upon an Indian baby, sound asleep in its cradle basket of bark and woven willow twigs. The bear was puzzled. He had seen grownup Indians, indeed, he had felt them, for his side was still sore from a wound made by a hunter's arrow; but he was not familiar with young specimens of

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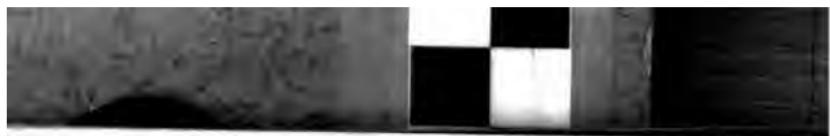
the *genus homo*, and he stopped to inspect; for bears, like many other animals, have much curiosity. He nosed about the bark and basket work, which covered all but the red face and chubby hands. "Humpf!" he mused — "the scent is the same, only fainter, but this small animal seems to be partly of wood." Finally, he picked the cradle up carefully in his fore paws, held it much as the mother would have done, and pushed his wet nose against the baby's face. It awoke with a start, and seeing the great hairy face and blinky eyes so close, gave a loud yell and struck out with its hands.

With a loud "Woof!" the startled bear dropped the cradle, and, in his surprise, stepped back upon a dry stick which broke with a great noise, and at the same instant, an Indian woman, the mother of the baby,



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"GAVE A LOUD YELL AND STRUCK OUT WITH ITS HANDS."



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## **HIS CHILDHOOD**

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sprang from the berry bushes across a little opening a few rods away, screaming at the top of her voice. She was followed by three or four others, also screaming and scolding at the bear, for Indians believed bears could understand them.

The bear, reminded by his sore side that these grownups might be dangerous, dropped to all-fours, gave one ferocious growl on account of his disappointment in regard to a berry feast, and then lumbered away into the thicket as fast as his legs could carry him.

The Indian mother frantically caught up the cradle of her baby boy, and, after ascertaining that he was not hurt, she stilled his cries after the manner known to all mothers. She suspended the cradle at her back by its strap which passed across her forehead, and when one of the other women handed her

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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the basket of berries she had dropped at the “Woof!” of the bear, the party took its way to the village to inform the hunters that a large black bear was in the neighborhood.

The father of the baby and several other hunters kept a close watch on the berry patch for a number of days, and finally, when Mr. Bear’s appetite overcame his discretion and he returned for the fruit, he was killed. The hide was given to the baby’s mother, and, after being carefully dressed by her, it became his bed, when the cradle was abandoned.

Before the advent of the whites, this continent was more or less sparsely inhabited by a race of copper-colored people to whom Columbus and his immediate successors gave the name of Indians, because they believed America to be the eastern coast of Asia then called “The Indies.”

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## **HIS CHILDHOOD**

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These Indians were much alike in physical appearance and had many customs in common, but differed in the progress they had made in the domestic arts, and were divided into several large bodies by differences in language, and these again were subdivided into numerous tribes.

Among the greater of the linguistic divisions was that of the Siouan or Dacotah family, which occupied the country from the valley of the Arkansas River to that of the Saskatchewan, and from the Great Lakes to the Rocky Mountains.

The numerous tribes of the Siouan family each claimed territory within somewhat indefinite boundaries, and all were frequently changing from one locality to another, as the fortunes or vicissitudes of war might compel, or the facilities for procuring food demand; and they waged fre-

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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quent wars of extermination among themselves.

While all the Siouan tribes depended almost wholly upon hunting wild animals — chiefly the buffalo — for support, and had no domestic animals but dogs, they all engaged in a rude agriculture to some extent, manufactured pottery, fairly suitable for their use and sometimes artistic in form, and had made such progress in other domestic arts as to entitle them to the name of barbarians rather than that of savages.

One of the principal tribes of the Siouan or Dacotah family was the Osage, then occupying a territory of large extent between the Arkansas and Missouri Rivers and extending over a large part of what is now southeastern Kansas.

The remnant of this tribe, now numbering about fifteen hundred, is located on a

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## **HIS CHILDHOOD**

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reservation east of the Arkansas River at the north line of the new state of Oklahoma, probably about the western limit of their former possessions; but at the time of the conquest of Mexico they counted their warriors by thousands and had numerous and populous villages.

In one of these villages, situated on the Arkansas River not far from the present site of Fort Smith, about the time Cortez was making his first attack upon the City of Mexico, but nearly a century before any considerable settlement of whites was made in the territory now known as the United States, an Indian baby was born; the one we have just seen rescued from a bear.

While this was his first adventure, he was destined to have a long and very eventful life, as will further appear in this story. His father was Ha-ha-toh-pa, or Wolf, a

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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noted warrior of the tribe, and his mother, Ang-pah-o, or Dawn, was a daughter of one of the sub-chiefs. He was a sturdy, black-eyed little fellow, and within a few days after birth, was fastened upon a bark board or cradle, such as are still in use among the full bloods of the tribe. This cradle was hung to the branch of a tree or leaned against the side of the lodge or ti-pi, as might be most convenient for his mother.

Dawn was very proud of her son, who was the first born of the family, and his cradle-board was gaily ornamented with colored quills and feathers, for at this time glass beads such as were plentifully supplied by white traders later were unknown. The inside of the cradle she lined with soft moss and hair which she changed daily that it might be sweet and clean.

**Our little Osage spent most of his time**

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## **HIS CHILDHOOD**

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for the first year in this queer cradle, except when his mother bathed and fondled him or took him out for inspection by his admiring father and neighbors.

It was not customary among the Osages to give permanent names to babies, and so he was called Ching-ca, Little Boy, by those not members of the family, and Mem-ski, Son, by his parents, until the time came to name him.

After the bark cradle was surrendered to his successor, Ching-ca sprawled around the lodge of his parents, dressed in the clothing furnished by Nature, except that in the winter his shivering little body was protected by a robe made from the skin of a buffalo calf dressed with the hair on, and his feet were encased in moccasins upon which his mother had expended all her skill in the ornamentation.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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He was called by the neighbors a bright boy, and his sturdy legs soon began to carry him from lodge to lodge all over the village. His parents thought him the smartest boy in the tribe and were proud accordingly. When Wolf returned from the war-path or a hunt, Mem-ski was the first for whom he inquired, and he often spent hours dandling him upon his knees, singing to him the wild songs, and, as he grew older, telling him the strange stories handed down from generation to generation in the folk-lore of the Osages. As he grew in stature and intellect, he became the very apple of his father's eye. He was never punished and seldom scolded. This might do for girls, but the Osages believed that to punish a boy would tend to break his spirit and prevent his becoming a brave warrior when grown; so Mem-ski was always treated with the utmost kindness.

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## **HIS CHILDHOOD**

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As the boy grew old enough to begin to comprehend his father's stories of war and hunting parties, they took hold of his imagination, and when he placed his father's war-bonnet upon his diminutive head and with his small tomahawk in hand strutted about the lodge showing how he would slay the enemies of the tribe when he became a man, the father's delight knew no bounds.

When he was about six years old Wolf made for him a diminutive stone tomahawk, as carefully finished and polished, however, as was his own, and soon after he gave him a beautiful bow and some arrows, carefully feathered but with blunt heads, that no serious accident should result from the reckless shooting he was likely to indulge in, and spent hours in showing him how to adjust the arrow to the string, draw back and let it fly.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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One day Wolf said to his wife: "Dawn, our son is growing to be a sturdy lad, and don't you think it is about time to quit calling Son and Little Boy and give him a permanent name?" Madame Dawn at once agreed to this and the medicine-man of the tribe was visited by the father and employed to select a name for his son.

Naming an Osage girl was a matter of no importance, and she could either grow up as Little Girl or the parents might give her a name as they decided upon without any ceremony whatever, but the naming of a boy was a very important matter. His whole after life was likely to be affected by his name, and the medicine-man could not undertake the job without several days' meditation. He must be paid, too, for his knowledge and skill. The number of buffalo robes and haunches of venison to be

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## **HIS CHILDHOOD**

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paid as his fee having been finally agreed upon, the medicine-man retired to his lodge to meditate upon the important question. He lighted his oldest and most mysterious pipe, blew smoke toward the earth, the sky and the four principal points of the heavens, then took a long walk upon the prairie, hoping that something would occur to suggest a proper name. When some distance from the village, he saw a hawk, which had been hovering in the air, suddenly swoop down and arise with a plump young jack-rabbit struggling and squealing in its talons. This at once determined the question, and the boy was given the name of Chang-ska, Hawk, with all due ceremony at a feast given the next day by his parents, during which all the guests received valuable presents.

Until he was about twelve years old,

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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Chang-ska associated with the women and other small children of the village, strengthening his muscles by running and romping from morning till night, and his lungs by frequently yelling at the top of his voice. Crying had never been in his line, for Osage mothers broke their babies of this habit at a very early age, by holding a hand over the mouth at each attempt until it was given up; and even for the small hurts of childhood, Hawk had learned to firmly close his lips and bear the pain without a whimper or sound of complaint.

He now gradually changed his associates, no longer seeking the company of the women and children, but the boys of his own age and older; he engaged in long distance races, swimming, ball playing and other sports. The ball game was something like foot-ball except that a small ball was used

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## HIS CHILDHOOD

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which must never be touched with the hand or foot, but must be taken up and thrown toward the goal with a long handled stick having a small pouch at the end woven of rawhide thongs. These boys also practised daily with their small tomahawks. A buffalo skull would be set up at a proper distance and each would throw in turn to see who could strike it more nearly in the center in such a manner that the blade edge first came in contact with the skull. They threw spears also at a mark and practised a great deal with bows; first to see who could send his blunt arrow the highest or furthest, and then at marks.

As they grew older they organized and conducted hunting parties against the squirrels, prairie dogs, jack-rabbits and other small animals. In these they closely imitated the actions of their elders, sometimes

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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creeping stealthily upon the game and sometimes forming large circles which they gradually closed, shooting at all the animals finally found within, and when a boy proudly carried to the lodge of his parents a small animal which he had killed, he was greatly praised and it was cooked specially for him.

This was Hawk's education, and by these exercises his muscles became hardened and his powers of endurance such that he could run for miles at full speed and at the end scarcely draw a long breath. He became, too, an expert swimmer and could swim under water with great rapidity, coming to the surface for a moment only at long intervals for air. He could throw a spear or tomahawk with force and accuracy, handle a flint knife in skinning animals, and frequently returned from excursions with some

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## **HIS CHILDHOOD**

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small game as an addition to the family larder.

When permitted, he visited the meetings of the warriors and hunters, heard them recount their experiences on the hunt or war-path, and became familiar with the traditions of the tribe. When he heard these stories he had a great desire to grow faster that he might be a man and a warrior and act his part in these stirring adventures.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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### **CHAPTER II**

#### **HIS FIRST DEER**

**W**HEN Hawk was about seventeen years old he had become so expert with the bow that he was quite a factor in providing food for the family, but his hunting expeditions had so far been confined to small game.

He had assumed the dress of a man, that is, he wore a breech-cloth, leggings and moccasins. He carried in his belt his tomahawk and flint knife and he never left the village without his bow and arrows in their skin case slung over his shoulder. He had learned to make his own weapons, too, and had manufactured a bow and arrows which would shoot after a fashion, but they did

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## HIS FIRST DEER

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not nearly equal those made by his father, who was noted for the superior quality and elegance of his weapons. This weapon-making was also a part of the boy's education and he had made good progress.

One evening, soon after he had passed his seventeenth birthday, Wolf made his son a present of a fine bow with a case, and a quiver full of the best arrows he could make, perfectly straight, well feathered and barbed with sharp flints of his best workmanship. Hawk was delighted with the gift and was anxious for an opportunity to test his weapons, so when his father said: "Chang-ska, my son, you are tall and strong and fast becoming a man. It is time for you to abandon your boyish sports and companions and assist in supporting the family, and I invite you to go hunting with me tomorrow morning," Hawk was greatly

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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pleased, but he made no show of his joy as that would have been childish. He merely bowed his head and said: "My father, I will be ready." He had felt for some time that he was not appreciated at his full value, but now he was to have a chance. He almost walked on air as he went among the other boys of the village that evening. He felt rather sorry for them, but not a word did he say of his good fortune, for it would not have been manly, according to Osage etiquette, to have gossipped about his personal affairs. He slept little that night, however, and waited with impatience for his father to call him in the morning. This he did long before daylight, and they proceeded toward a deer-lick or salt spring a few miles from the village, which was much frequented by deer and other animals for the taste of the salt. On the way his father

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## HIS FIRST DEER

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carefully instructed him in regard to the habits of that wary animal, the deer, and the care with which it was necessary to approach its haunts. He told him that the direction of the wind must always be carefully observed and that he must make his approach so that it blew in his face, otherwise that animal, with its fine sense of smell, would catch his scent and make its escape. Wolf gave him many other instructions, including the necessity of remaining perfectly still and concealed while awaiting the approach of the animals at the lick, and, on this occasion, until the game was surely within bow-shot.

Just as daylight was beginning to appear, Wolf placed his son behind a low thick bush near the lick and showed him a small path a few rods distant by which he might expect the animals to come. He told Hawk

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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he would himself go to another lick a short distance away but within call, and that he must depend wholly upon himself. Instead of doing this, Wolf, who desired to observe Hawk's conduct, carefully concealed himself in a tree from which he could watch the boy's actions.

Daylight spread slowly over the prairie and finally began to dimly light up the grove and thicket which surrounded the lick. With arrow upon the string, Hawk stood as rigid as a statue behind the bush where his father had placed him, every faculty intent to discover the approach of the game. The minutes sped by rapidly, but they seemed like hours to the waiting boy. At length he heard the noise of a breaking stick, and, peering cautiously through the bushes in the direction of the sound, he saw the antlers of a buck. The

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## **HIS FIRST DEER**

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animal was approaching slowly along the path, halting from time to time, and only his horns appeared above the bushes, but as he crossed a small opening, Hawk saw that he was accompanied by two does. The animals approached very slowly, stopping frequently to sniff the air, and the boy was afraid they might scent the danger, but occasionally he caught a glimpse of the antlers coming nearer and nearer. The wind was blowing directly from the animals toward the boy, so there was no danger of their obtaining his scent and no fear of discovery unless he should make a noise. He scarcely breathed, but his heart was beating so loudly he was sure they must hear it. The animals now reached another opening, and, although still too far away to risk a shot, the boy drew his arrow to the head and aimed at the buck. The waiting father in

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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the tree saw this action and came near shouting to him to wait, but Hawk had no intention of shooting: he knew he had a bad attack of "buck-fever" and was simply trying to get control of his nerves. He lowered his bow slowly although still trembling with excitement.

The animals now began to approach the lick and once when they disappeared behind the bushes for some time, Hawk began to fear they had taken alarm and sneaked off through the thicket, but soon he again saw the antlers above the bushes and in a moment all three stood still in a small opening but a few yards away. This was his opportunity. He swallowed rapidly and steadied his nerves with all the resolution he could summon, then drew back the string with all his strength until the head of the arrow touched his left hand,

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## **HIS FIRST DEER**

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aiming just behind the fore shoulder of the buck which stood with its side toward him, and let fly, but not without some misgivings as to the result. Greatly to his satisfaction, the buck with a sharp bleat, bounded high in the air showing the arrow buried in his side. The does at once made off at a great pace before he could adjust another arrow, but the buck, after two or three convulsive bounds, fell just at the edge of the thicket. Joyfully sounding the cry agreed upon with his father, Hawk bounded from his cover knife in hand. As he approached the animal to cut its throat, the buck suddenly rose to its feet with every hair on its body turned to the front, and, with an angry bleat, charged him. He dropped his bow in the excitement of the moment and before he could recover it and affix another arrow, the animal was upon him its eyes blazing

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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with fury, its horns lowered and its sharp hoofs ready to cut him in pieces. The boy knew from stories of the hunters that a wounded buck was a dangerous foe, and profiting by what he had heard, he caught the animal by its horns as it reached him and endeavored to hold its head to the ground as his only means of defence until his father, who must have heard his shout, could arrive upon the scene.

The beast would soon have proved more than a match for his boyish antagonist and had already cut a number of gashes in his body with its sharp hoofs, when Wolf, who had scrambled from the tree on hearing the cry of Hawk and seeing him dash into the thicket, reached the spot. So busy were the combatants that neither noticed his approach and a blow from his stone axe at once prostrated the deer. Having cut its

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## **HIS FIRST DEER**

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throat, he turned his attention to his son, who was bleeding from a dozen gashes. Hawk was too much elated to regard his wounds as serious, and, although he endeavored to assume the stoical dignity of a veteran hunter, his eyes sparkled as he listened to his father's congratulations and praises of his bravery.

The legs of the buck were soon tied together and a stick being thrust through, father and son carried it to the village.

When the deer was thrown down at the door of their lodge and Wolf announced that Hawk had killed it, his mother embraced him with pride and the whole family and relatives made much of him. The inhabitants of the neighboring lodges too gathered around and congratulated him upon killing his first deer. Among these Hawk saw, shyly peeping through between

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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two older persons, Wa-ki-ye-dan, the Dove, a daughter of a neighbor, who had been his favorite playmate in the days when he associated with the women and children. She was looking squarely at him, and as he caught the admiration in her eyes, he was conscious of a new sensation.

Hawk positively refused to have the wounds made by the hoofs of the buck washed or dressed, although they were quite painful, until he had first strutted through the village, where he was both admired and envied by the other boys with whom he had associated.

Great was the rejoicing in the family of Wolf; not so much on account of the acquisition of the buck as food, as because Hawk had shown that he was brave and would become an honor to the family.

When the deer had been carefully

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## **HIS FIRST DEER**

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skinned, Dawn announced that she would dress the hide and from it make the breech-cloth and leggings which Hawk should wear on his first war-path, as she felt sure this would bring him good luck.

All the relatives were now invited to a feast, for which the body of the buck furnished the principal part. During the festivities Wolf told the story of the hunt, and when he related the fact that he had been in a tree watching the boy all the time, it raised quite a laugh. Hawk said nothing, but he felt glad he had not known it at the time, for he was sure it would have made him so nervous that he would have missed the deer entirely.



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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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### CHAPTER III

#### AS A HUNTER

AFTER Hawk's battle with the big buck he no longer joined in the sports and mock hunts of his former boyish associates, except that he still took an enthusiastic part in the ball games, which were played by the warriors as well as the boys for the purpose of hardening the muscles to the endurance necessary in both war and the chase. The most noted warriors and hunters were usually the best ball players also.

From babyhood until now Hawk had worn his front hair "banged," or square across above his eyes. There being then no such a thing as a pair of shears in America,

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## **AS A HUNTER**

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his mother had kept it at a proper length by singeing off the ends from time to time with a live coal. Now he refused to have this done, and allowed it to grow long, that he might appear more manly, until he should take his first scalp, when he might have it trimmed in warrior's style. He now sought the companionship of the men and was often permitted to draw near the council-fire and listen to their deliberations. He also joined their hunting parties, being frequently invited, for his adventure with the buck had given him a reputation as a boy who had something in him. Sometimes he went on hunts alone or with his father or other single companion. On these occasions he studied carefully the haunts and habits of all the animals of the locality.

He soon became so expert with the bow

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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that about this time Wolf joined a war-party against the Pawnees, confidently leaving the whole support of the family to Hawk who kept his mother's lodge plentifully supplied during his father's absence.

The hides of all the animals he killed his mother carefully dressed for their proper use, but kept them afterwards in separate bales, to be used when the time came, in the purchase of a wife for him. There being no ponies in the country at that time, hides and furs constituted the legal tender for such purposes. She knew that her son would not be permitted to marry until he had become a full member of the tribe through the cruel ordeal of initiation, but she had already noticed the boy casting admiring glances at their neighbor Dove, when he thought he was unnoticed, and she was not slow to observe that Dove found

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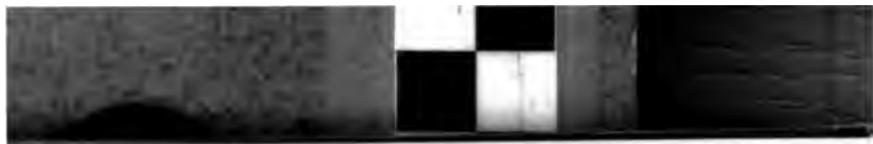
## **AS A HUNTER**

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it necessary to be at the door of her mother's lodge quite often when Hawk was at home, and that the girl always had her hair smoothly combed and wore such ornaments as she possessed. Ever since she had noticed that Hawk admired Dove, she had carefully observed the girl and was well satisfied to have her for a daughter-in-law if the matter could be arranged. She was healthy and handsome, as well as clean and neat in her personal appearance, and was a great help to her mother, who had a large family, assisting her in fleshing and dressing hides, cultivating the corn and vegetables in the family grounds, and in making pottery and preparing the food and clothing for the family. She felt sure that Dove would make her son a good wife.

Hawk was now making such rapid strides toward manhood that she felt he would soon



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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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apply for initiation, and she was sure the Council would deem him worthy of the honor.

On one of his solitary excursions Hawk had another adventure with a buck, in which he was less fortunate than in the first. The animal when wounded did not fall as had the first one, but bounded away with the arrow sticking in its side, and Hawk followed him for some miles hoping for another shot. At length, coming suddenly around the point of a rocky bluff, he came directly upon the animal, which had been waiting for his approach and charged him at once. He had his bow ready this time, but the sudden onset disconcerted his aim and the arrow struck the buck in the shoulder making but a slight wound which only increased its rage, and before the boy could make a second shot the animal was

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## **AS A HUNTER**

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upon him bearing him to the ground. One of its prongs made a deep hole in his thigh and another tore a gash several inches long across his breast. Fearing that a prong might find a vital spot, Hawk tried in vain to grasp the buck by the horns, but was unsuccessful, receiving several other serious wounds. He was fast losing his strength, when suddenly there was a rushing sound in the thicket and the enraged animal, abandoning his now nearly helpless enemy, bounded away. The next moment a couple of does with their fawns rushed past closely pursued by a pack of wolves.

Hawk now arose bruised and bleeding but glad enough to be alive. Slowly and painfully he dragged himself to the village and it was more than a week before he could walk without great pain. His mother waited upon him assiduously and

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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dressed his wounds with cold water and such salves and herbs as were approved for injuries. Dove stopped several times as she passed the lodge to learn how her old playmate was getting along, and when his mother told him of these inquiries she could see that he was greatly pleased, although it was beneath his dignity to give any indications of his pleasure.

By the time Hawk had fully recovered, his father returned in safety with several Pawnee scalps and Hawk accepted an invitation to join a hunting party which was going into what is now known as Kansas to hunt buffaloes. It was to be a large party composed of many of the best hunters of the tribe, and, in addition, many of the women were to accompany the party to care for the meat and hides after the game was killed. I-mun-tang-ka, the Panther, the

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## **AS A HUNTER**

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father of Dove, was to command the party, and Hawk soon discovered that the girl was to go also. In fact, he learned it from his mother, who had been told by Dove herself. Hawk had to maneuver not a little to secure an invitation, for Panther was desirous to have experienced hunters rather than boys for the expedition. However, Hawk had acquired some reputation for coolness and bravery, and when finally invited he accepted at once.

In a few days the party reached a locality where they might expect to find buffaloes, and at once built their temporary shelters in a grove convenient to wood and water and erected frames of brush for drying meat. Scouts were then sent out to look for the buffaloes and to watch for any approaching enemy, and hunters were detailed to kill smaller game for their imme-

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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diate use. Hawk was among the latter and he proved one of the most successful.

On the second day the scouts reported that a large herd of buffaloes was approaching, and preparations were made accordingly. Weapons were prepared and decoys were gotten in readiness. These decoys were hides of buffaloes carefully skinned with the horns left on, the skin of the heads being stretched over light willow frames. A hunter, clothed in one of these, concealed himself in the bushes to the front of the herd and far enough in advance to prevent the animals from detecting the cheat. As they advanced he would emerge from the bushes and, by imitating the motions made by the real animal while feeding, decoy the herd within reach of the arrows of his comrades who lay concealed behind the bushes.

By the time the buffaloes were near, the

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## **AS A HUNTER**

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hunting party had secured a favorable ambush and the decoys were so successful that quite a number of the beasts were killed the first day. Hawk had the good luck to bring down a couple of fine ones, and, as his arrows had his private mark on them, he had no difficulty in proving his property and securing the meat and hides. Chang-hung, or Strongbow, a noted hunter and the brother of Hawk's mother, with his family, were members of the party, and he readily secured their assistance to dry his meat and cure his hides, while he aided in supplying their larder with small game.

For several days the herd remained in the vicinity and a large number of the animals were killed, but finally the buffaloes became alarmed and left the locality. All hands, however, were busy for several days curing the hides and drying the meat.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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The meat was cut in thin strips and hung in the sun upon the brush frames, and in the dry air of the plains it soon became as hard as wood. It was then made into packs in the partially dried hides, from fifty to one hundred pounds being in a pack, to be transported to the village on dog travois when they should be ready to return.

These travois were the only artificial means of transportation known to the Osages of that day, but answered the purpose very well. To make one, a couple of long light poles were lashed together near their tops; these were placed over the neck of one of the large wolf-like dogs, of which there were a great number with the party, and fastened to his rawhide collar or harness. The poles passed along his sides like shafts and the ends dragged along the ground behind. Immediately behind the

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## **AS A HUNTER**

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dog, poles were lashed across from shaft to shaft making small platforms upon which the packs were lashed and a dog would thus drag from fifty to one hundred pounds.

After all the meat and hides had been secured ready for transportation and the stomachs of the slain animals had been filled with brains, tallow and the marrow from the large bones, the party remained for some time hoping that another herd of buffalo might appear. In the meantime the hunters were occupied in hunting elk and deer, of which there were many in the neighborhood, while the women prepared the meat and hides of these in a similar manner.

One day Hawk was hunting alone, but found game scarce and wandered a long distance from camp. At length, late in the

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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afternoon, he wounded an elk which he followed for several miles, still away from the Osage encampment, hoping for another shot. About dusk he killed it, and despairing of getting help to take in the meat before it should be devoured by the wolves, he removed the hide, cut off some of the best meat, and after making a fire, cooked himself a good supper. He was very tired and concluded to remain there for the night and hunt back toward camp the next morning.

At the peep of day the next morning he was up and as he was about to make a fire to cook his breakfast, he heard a slight noise in the ravine above him. He at once sank down behind a bush and watched with great attention. Soon he saw in the grey dawn, several shadowy forms crossing the ravine, and it seemed to him that one of them was

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## AS A HUNTER

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a woman and a prisoner, but it was not light enough to determine with certainty. The boy, after some minutes' thought, concluded that there was something suspicious in the movement of the forms he had seen. No hunters of his party were likely to be so far from the camp at that hour, and, above all, it was scarcely probable that if Osages, they would be accompanied by a woman. He determined to take up the trail and follow it long enough to ascertain who the strangers were, and if the woman was a prisoner. Accordingly, he ate some of the elk meat raw, for he knew it was not safe to make a fire, then went to the place where the party had crossed the ravine and carefully examined the trail. He found the footprints of several men and one woman. From their shape he concluded that the moccasins of the men were of Pawnee

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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manufacture, and he was equally certain that those of the woman were Osage.

All was now clear to his mind. A party of Pawnees had approached the Osage camp, and finding a woman at a little distance, had captured her and were now making their escape to their own village. He conjectured that it must have occurred about dark the evening before, as it would take about that long for the party to reach the place where he saw them by daylight, especially as they must have travelled by a circuitous route to find ground which would, to any extent, conceal their trail.

Hawk wondered who the woman could be, and all at once it occurred to him that it might be Dove. His heart came into his mouth at the thought, and he paused to consider the situation. He was only a boy, and the tracks, although efforts had been

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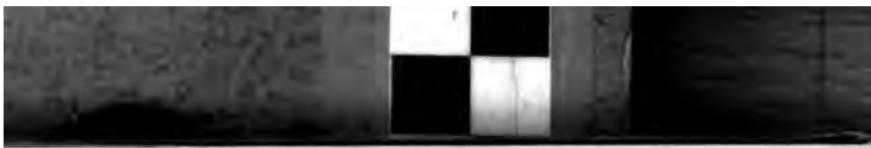
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## AS A HUNTER

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made to confuse them, indicated that there were at least five in the party and he knew to attack them single handed, simply meant that he would be killed or taken prisoner, while to follow the trail was almost equally dangerous, for some of them would fall back every few miles to watch for pursuers, and he was likely to be shot from ambush. He felt sure the prisoner was an Osage woman and that a party would take the trail in pursuit with the first light. Their progress would be slow, for the trail would be concealed with all the skill known to the Pawnees, and, on reflection, he concluded that the most efficient service he could render would be to take the back trail, meet his friends as soon as possible and guide them directly to the point where he had seen the party, and thus save them the time which would be lost in search for the trail. As he



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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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looked around for a landmark to guide him on a rapid return, he noted a tall lone tree on the top of a neighboring bluff, which he fixed in his mind. He then drew his belt tight and discarding the elk skin, on account of its weight, he took up the back trail of the Pawnees and followed it as rapidly as possible. The trail was fresh and he had little difficulty in keeping it, and, besides, he knew the general direction must be from the Osage encampment. He was young and vigorous and well rested by a night's sleep, and he made pretty good time, so that long before noon he caught sight of the pursuing party crossing a prairie at the distance of several miles. He at once kindled a fire with his fire-sticks, and when it was well started, threw on a quantity of wet grass which made a column of very black smoke. This he disturbed by interrupting

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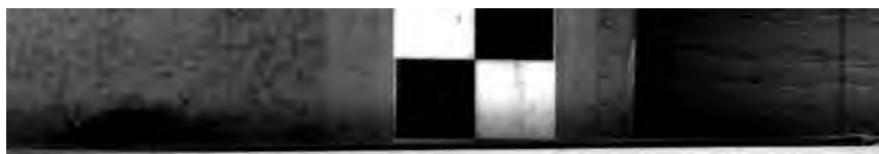
## **AS A HUNTER**

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the column with a leafy branch so that the smoke arose in broken bunches in the manner used by the Osages in signalling. He knew this would at once attract the attention of the pursuers and inform them that the smoke was made by one of their own tribe, who had something of importance to communicate. In a few minutes he saw the party change its course and start directly toward him. He left the fire and hurried to meet them. He found the Osages headed by the Panther, and learned to his horror that it was indeed Dove who had been taken prisoner. She had been captured about dusk when returning with some wild plums she had gathered in a thicket a short distance from camp.

In a few words Hawk told of his accidental discovery of the Pawnee party, their number, and that he had seen a prisoner



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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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with them. He pointed out in the dim distance the lone tree which was near the trail, and the Osages made directly for it.

The Panther warmly commended Hawk for his good sense in taking the back trail to meet them instead of attempting to follow the enemy alone.

The pursuers reached the lone tree early in the afternoon, and stopping only long enough to eat some of the food they had brought with them, followed after the Pawnees. The trail was plainer than before, as the enemy was in great haste and could spare but little time to conceal it, and before it was entirely dark the Panther concluded they must be within a few miles of the Pawnee party. Ten of the best warriors, under the charge of Panther, at once set out to search for them, while the others, including Hawk, were ordered to follow

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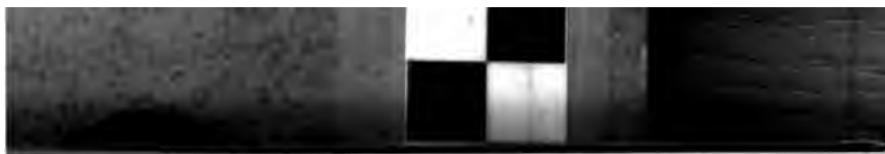
## **AS A HUNTER**

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slowly in the general direction and listen carefully for signals, which were agreed upon. Some time after midnight the scouts joined the others and reported that the Pawnees had gone into camp at a late hour about five miles beyond. The Osages now made their way with great caution, that they might not be discovered by the scouts which the party had no doubt left behind to watch the back trail, and made a wide détour to avoid them. They reached the vicinity of the camp just as day was breaking and charged at once. The camp guard, a single Pawnee, was shot through the body, but with his dying breath gave a whoop of alarm. The remaining three Pawnees, finding the Osages upon them in great numbers, made no stop to fight, but fled at once and succeeded in making their escape.

Hawk, being a mere boy, had no particu-



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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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lar duty assigned to him in the charge, but kept close to Panther, and when they entered the Pawnee camp it was light enough for him to see Dove lying tied to a log, and he immediately cut her bonds and released her. At first she could not stand and Hawk supported her in his arms for one delicious moment, chafing her wrists, which were swollen from the tightness of the cords. Dove was not injured, and in a moment she recovered her full strength and gave an affectionate greeting to her father, who had recalled his men from the pursuit of the escaping Pawnees. She said she was ready to start at once for the Osage camp, but they remained an hour or two for food and rest, a runner being dispatched to inform the Osages of her recovery.

The Panther told Hawk in a few words that he owed his daughter's rescue to the

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## **AS A HUNTER**

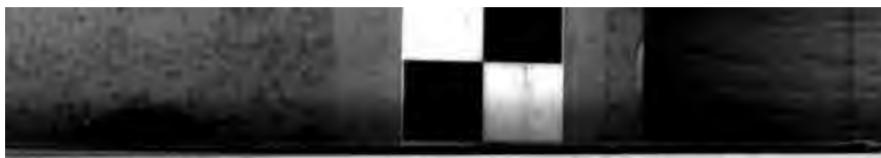
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presence of mind he had shown in turning back on the trail for assistance on his discovery of the Pawnees with their prisoner, and that he must always consider the Panther as his friend.

Hawk said but little, but he thought often of the few moments he had held Dove in his arms, and he resolved to apply at once for initiation into manhood, that he might ask for her as his wife.

As for Dove, Hawk was her hero and she would have died for him.



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**HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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**CHAPTER IV****AS A MAN**

**S**OON after the return of the party to the village, Hawk again went hunting with his father. They had killed a half-grown elk, after following it for some miles, were a long distance from the village and very tired and so concluded to rest and have some food before carrying the heavy load of meat home. Hawk brought a couple of arm-loads of driftwood to a shady place near a spring. His father, selecting a couple of dry cottonwood roots from the pile, shaped them slightly with his knife. One of them he made flat on both sides, and cut a small depression on one side with a

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## AS A MAN

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notch leading down from it, while the other, which was slender and straight and about two feet long, he merely rounded on the end to fit the depression. Kneeling upon the flattened one he put the end of the other in the depression and rapidly twirled it between his hands. A little finely powdered wood was ground off and fell down into the notch and from this, in a few seconds, a small column of smoke began to ascend. Wolf then ceased twirling and fanned the smoking heap with his hand, feeding it with some powdered rotten-wood, and in a moment a tiny flame shot up and they soon had a roaring fire.

In the meantime Hawk had stripped the skin from the haunch of the elk and had cut out a piece of steak which appeared to be enough for a large family. Soon father and son were toasting dainty morsels of elk ven-

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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ison before the fire on sticks and eating them when cooked, first putting on a small quantity of ashes instead of salt. When the meal was completed both produced stone pipes, which they filled with tobacco mixed with the bark of the red willow, and began to smoke.

After a few whiffs Hawk said: "My father, do you not think I am old enough for admission as a warrior of the tribe? I feel that I am now a man and long for the time when I may join the men on the war-path and in the Council House; besides, I want to marry."

When Wolf heard this statement he took several whiffs from his pipe before making reply, and then he said: "My son, do you realize that to be admitted as a warrior of the tribe, you must first be tested by an ordeal of initiation which may well tax the

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## **AS A MAN**

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endurance of the strongest men? You are still very young, and, while I would be glad to see you a warrior, do you understand that if you undertake this and fail to endure the tests, you will be forever barred from becoming a warrior and must wear women's clothing and do women's work for the rest of your life, and that you will never be permitted to marry? Had you not better wait a few years until you are sure of your power of endurance and certain that it will carry you safely through this ordeal?"

In reply Hawk said: "I have considered everything and I feel that what other men have endured I can endure. Since I rescued Dove from the wolves I feel that she loves me; I am impatient to claim her as my wife and do not wish to wait longer." "Very well," said Wolf. "I will bring the

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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matter before the Council at the next meeting."

At a meeting of the Council a few nights later, Wolf arose and in a few words presented the request of his son to be admitted to full membership in the tribe. He said it was known to many of the Council that while Hawk was young, he had already become a bold and successful hunter. His son felt that he was a man and was ready to undergo the ordeal prescribed by custom and tradition.

Panther, the father of Dove, then addressed the Council in Hawk's behalf. He said that Chang-ska had grown up under his own eye, and although very young for a warrior, he had never known a more promising youth. He was brave and capable and he was sure he would be a credit to the tribe as a warrior. One or two of the

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## **AS A MAN**

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Council at first raised some objection on account of Hawk's youth, but all admitted that he was brave and manly.

The crier of the Council now distributed to each member two small sticks, one of which was painted red, and then collected the ballot, a red stick being for, and a plain one against the candidate. All the votes being red, it was announced that Chang-ska, son of Ha-ha-toh-pa, was to be admitted as a warrior of the tribe upon successfully passing the ordeal of initiation.

This, the most important event in the life of an Osage, could not be undertaken without a course of preparation and purification prescribed by immemorial custom, so the next day the medicine-man was consulted to learn what time would be the most propitious for the event. Having considered the question, he announced that the

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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signs were then favorable but Hawk must first submit to sweating, fasts and other preparatory ceremonials.

The In-i-ti-pi, or sweat-lodge, of the village was a low hut built of logs and covered with several feet of earth, with a small hole for entrance at one side. A large fire was built near the In-i-ti-pi and stones heated therein. The medicine-man was in attendance, and when Hawk, entirely naked, presented himself, the heated stones were taken into the sweat-lodge with some vessels of water to pour over them, the boy entered and the entrance was closed with a buffalo hide. The medicine-man began his incantations, marching around the lodge in the direction travelled by the sun, shaking his sacred rattle and chanting the proper formulas which were to make the boy a brave and successful warrior and

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## **AS A MAN**

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smoking his most sacred pipe, from which he blew the smoke toward the sky, the earth, the four quarters of the heavens and finally toward the lodge. Within, Hawk poured the water on the hot stones, and when he had perspired almost to exhaustion, he emerged from the sweat-lodge and running to the nearby river, plunged into the cold water, after which he returned to the In-i-ti-pi, where he must remain without either food or drink and must on no account speak to any one. The next day the sweating and fasting were continued, and so on for five days, when the medicine-man announced that Hawk was sufficiently purified to undertake the last test of initiation.

In the meantime Wolf had planted in the ground about half a mile from the village, a post about fifteen feet high to which at the top he had attached two rawhide ropes

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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about half an inch thick and each about thirty feet long. The next morning, on a sign from his father, Hawk followed him from the sweat-lodge to the post, not a word being spoken by either, as this would surely bring bad luck, and he must speak to no one until the whole ordeal be safely passed. Wolf, with his flint knife, cut two gashes about an inch apart on each side of Hawk's back clear down to the ribs and then inserted the ends of the ropes and tied them fast. The pain of this operation was fearful, but the boy had nerved himself for it and not a sound escaped him nor did a muscle quiver. His father observed with pride this evidence of his manliness, but concealed his own emotion and sympathy for his suffering son under the stoical countenance of an Indian, and without a word or backward look returned to the village.

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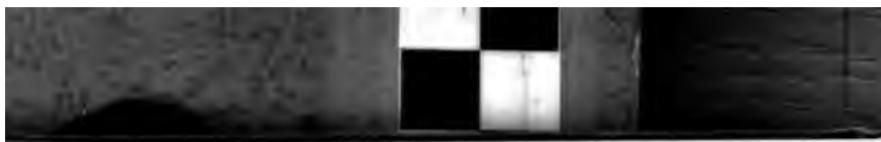
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## **AS A MAN**

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As soon as Wolf was fairly out of sight, Hawk, who had been left at the base of the post, made a rush to the end of the ropes with all his strength, but the muscles of his back were too strong or he was too much exhausted by the fasting and sweating he had undergone, for he failed to tear out the ropes. The pain was excruciating and he fell fainting to the ground, where he lay for some hours unconscious. A slight shower, which fell soon after, revived him, and he returned to the base of the post and sat down to consider the situation. He had the choice of two courses: first, to tear the ropes out through the skin and integuments, in which case his trial was over and he became a warrior with a right to ask for the hand of Dove; second, to untie the ropes and return to his father's lodge forever disgraced, to live as a woman and do women's



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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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work and never be permitted to marry or be recognized as a man. Then he thought of Dove and the rapture of the momentary embrace when he had rescued her from the Pawnees. His failure meant that she would be given to another, and this thought was too horrible for contemplation, so he determined to release himself in the orthodox manner or die in the attempt. He realized, however, that in his exhausted condition, another rush upon the ropes would only cause him to faint again and he must recover his strength to some extent before making another effort.

When dark came on Hawk stretched himself upon the ground. The pain from his wounds was terrible, but the ground, dampened by the shower, was cool, his exhaustion induced numbness and he slept. When he awoke in the morning he felt

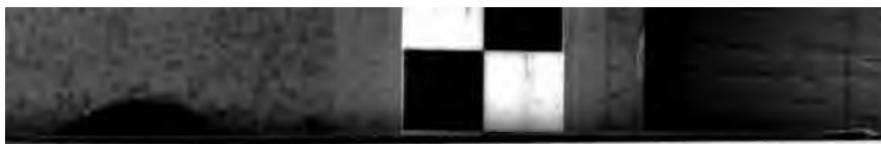
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## **AS A MAN**

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much stronger. He heard the hum of voices in the distant village, and he knew how anxiously his parents and Dove were awaiting his triumphant return. The thought that he might soon claim the girl as his wife, nerved him to a desperate effort. He arose to his feet, stretched his arms and legs, and then, drawing a full breath, he bounded forward with all his strength. When he reached the end of the ropes he fell to the ground, but he had the satisfaction of finding that one rope had been torn out. Released from this, and encouraged by the result of the last effort, he returned to the post, made another rush and found himself free. With the blood streaming from his back he bounded toward the village, shouting to proclaim his victory, and when he reached his father's lodge he was received with acclamations of joy and



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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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pride as a brave warrior of the tribe and a Man. His wounds were washed, healing lotions were applied to them and he was put to bed while his mother prepared for him a sumptuous meal to make up for his long fast. Before it was cooked, however, Dove came shyly to the door of the lodge with an earthen vessel containing a savory mess prepared by her own hands, and attracting the attention of his mother, gave it to her without a word. No words were necessary; the mother understood, and when she presented it to Hawk and told him who brought it, he almost mortally offended his mother by eating Dove's food first, but as his youthful appetite, stimulated by the long fast, enabled him to do justice to that prepared by her also, her good humor was restored.

This act of the girl was equivalent, under

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## **AS A MAN**

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Osage customs, to a public announcement of the engagement and left nothing to be arranged but the amount of the present to be given her father.

Hawk's back was still very sore for several days and he spent most of the time in bed. His mother bathed the wounds and changed the dressings frequently and would often stand out of his sight and regard him with pride. Dove brought delicacies every day and Hawk always ate them. He was young and healthy, his blood was pure and he had an abundance of nourishing food, so that in about a week he began to go about the village. He made no effort to conceal the scars on his back, for they were regarded as badges of courage by all. At the end of ten days he had so far recovered that he went with his father on a hunting trip and on his return visited the medicine-man who



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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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presented to him the sacred weapons given to every warrior on his initiation into manhood, a spear, a knife, tomahawk and three arrows. These he was not to use, but keep in his lodge, and they were never to be touched by a woman, as this would bring bad luck. He gave him also a mystery bag made from the skin of a ground-squirrel or other small animal. It contained a small quantity of red paint, an animal's tooth, some hair from an enemy's scalp and red feathers from the head of a woodpecker, but the medicine-man assured him that through his incantations he had induced a powerful spirit to enter it, which would protect him from all disease and the weapons of his enemies. This he must keep always upon his person and it must be buried with him at death to secure his admission into the other world. If it should

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## **AS A MAN**

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be touched by a woman the spirit would leave and he would be unlucky thereafter.

The medicine-man asked him if he had dreamed during his initiation fast, and being told that he had dreamed of killing and eating a fat beaver, he informed Hawk that the beaver was his tabu, and that he must not kill or eat one of these animals until he had taken the scalp of an enemy.

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**HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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**CHAPTER V****HIS MARRIAGE**

B EING now a full fledged warrior, Hawk was impatient to marry Dove. The totem of her mother was that of the wolf while his own belonged to the beaver gens or family. Among the Osages a child always belonged to the totem gens or family of its mother, and persons of the same totem might not inter-marry. Any violation of this custom, or unwritten law of the tribe, was severely punished by banishment from the tribe or even death. Being of different totem families, there was no such objection to the marriage of Hawk and Dove, and Wolf, at his son's solicitation, had an interview

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## HIS MARRIAGE

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with Panther, her father. Their conversation was very characteristic of Osage etiquette.

When Wolf entered his lodge Panther gravely motioned him to a seat, then filled his pipe, lighted it and after a few whiffs, passed it to his visitor, who, after smoking a few moments laid it aside and said: "Is my brother well?" Panther replied that his health was excellent, and there was again silence for several minutes, when Wolf said: "My son, Chang-ska, who is the bravest and most successful hunter of his age in the tribe, and has just successfully passed through his initiation as a warrior, has, in some way, been bewitched by your worthless daughter, Dove, and nothing will satisfy the fool boy but to marry her. I cannot think what he sees in her to attract him, for she is ugly, slovenly, of no account

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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and lazy besides. I do not see why he should think of her twice, but boys will be boys, and in his behalf, I would like to know what you are going to ask for her."

To this remarkable statement Panther replied: "I cannot imagine where you acquired the cheek to ask me to give my beautiful and accomplished daughter to that worthless, cowardly son of yours. Everybody knows he never brings home any game and how he is to support a family is more than I can imagine. As to his ever becoming a warrior, it is my opinion the best thing you can do is to dress him in women's clothes and set him to hoeing corn. I could not think of giving my girl to such a worthless young man. She is the handsomest girl in the tribe and all the young warriors are wild about her. Only yester-

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### **HIS MARRIAGE**

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day a chief offered me a whole lodge full of skins for her. She is the light of my lodge. When I return from an expedition she brings me food and when I have eaten she fills and lights my pipe. She makes my moccasins and war-bonnets and greatly aids her mother in all the household duties. No, indeed: you can take your cowardly son to another market."

To this Wolf responded: "I may have been a little hasty in my estimate of your daughter; she will do very well, as girls go, and you must admit that Hawk kept his mother's lodge well supplied with food during my recent absence. Surely you do not consider his conduct at the time your daughter was captured by the Pawnees as lacking in either sense or bravery. At any rate, our children are fond of each other and it is best they should mate."

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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The Panther said: "Well, boys do not amount to much these days, but I suppose Hawk is as good as any of them; however, I cannot think of accepting less for my daughter than ten buffalo robes, twenty deer hides and twice as many skins of smaller animals."

At this Wolf arose, apparently in great disgust. He declared that such a price was exorbitant as he could get three prettier girls for less. He paused, however, to say that as Hawk seemed to have set his heart on the girl, he would add to the two robes from buffaloes killed by Hawk on the recent hunt, three of his own and he thought they could manage to raise as many as ten deer skins in the family. He said, as to skins of smaller animals, Hawk's success as a hunter had filled the lodge with them and he would be glad to get rid of them, so

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## HIS MARRIAGE

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he would concede all that had been asked and throw in some for good measure.

Both parties had intensely enjoyed this dialogue. They had known from the first how the negotiations would terminate. Wolf would not think of offering too small a present for the girl and Panther would not insist upon asking too much, but this was the usual mode of procedure and must be followed. Panther, with an appearance of ill grace, but really delighted with his bargain, agreed to the proposal, provided his relatives should give their consent to the marriage, and the interview terminated.

Separate meetings were soon held in accordance with custom, by the immediate relatives of both parties, at which much venison was eaten and many pipes smoked, and they resulted, as it was known before-

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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hand they would, in an agreement for the marriage.

The next day the robes and skins agreed upon were deposited at the door of Panther's lodge, and being taken in, no other ceremony was necessary. That evening Hawk removed with all his belongings to the lodge of Panther, which would thereafter be his home until one or more children should be born to Dove when they might establish a lodge for themselves. The son-in-law always took up his abode in the lodge of his wife's parents, but his conduct in their home must be very different from that in the lodge of his parents. While he might speak to his father-in-law freely outside of the lodge, while on the hunt or war-path, he must never address him in the lodge, nor could he on any account speak to his wife's mother. He must

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## HIS MARRIAGE

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cover his head or turn his face away when in her presence, and if he desired to ask her a question, he must say to his wife: "Ask your mother so and so," and she would reply: "Tell your husband thus."

In his own home Hawk had been upon the most intimate terms with his mother and all the members of the family, but he understood so well that Osage etiquette would not permit him to address his mother-in-law that he fell into the new conditions without making any serious mistakes. He made frequent visits, however, to his father's lodge where he was under less restraint.

After his marriage Hawk employed his time industriously in hunting, to assist Panther in the support of his family and to secure a supply of robes and skins for clothing and bedding for himself and Dove,

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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while his wife continued to assist her mother. She, however, accompanied Hawk on several large hunting parties, and on one of these they visited the spot where Dove had been captured by the Pawnees. Here Dove asked him what he would have done if she had been killed. Hawk promptly assured her that his life would have been blasted, but she saucily told him she was sure he would have found another girl in a week. Hawk's only reply to this was to hold her longer and closer than when he had cut her bonds, and this seemed entirely satisfactory to Dove.

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## **THE WAR-PATH**

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### **CHAPTER VI**

#### **THE WAR - PATH**

**A**BOUT a year after Hawk's marriage a small hunting party of Osages was ambushed by a large band of Pawnee warriors and all but one of the Osages were killed and scalped. The one fortunate man happened at the time to be at some distance from camp. He concealed himself until the Pawnees had left the vicinity and then made his way to the village. Great was the grief and rage of the Osages when he had reported the disaster. Howls and lamentations filled the air day and night. The wives and mothers of the victims cut off their hair and gashed their breasts, arms and legs with knives,

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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while they incessantly called upon the warriors to avenge these murders.

I-o-ka-du-za, the Whirlwind, a renowned chief of the Osages, having obtained permission from the Council, soon called for volunteers to take the war-path against the Pawnees, and was offered the services of every able-bodied warrior in the tribe. This was not in accordance with his plan, however, which was to take a small party of the very best men and by marching rapidly at night, while lying concealed during the day, try to reach the vicinity of the Pawnee village without being discovered; then, still remaining concealed, wait for an opportunity to fall upon a small party of the enemy and secure their scalps and perhaps some prisoners for the torture.

Neither Indian justice nor Indian vengeance required that punishment should

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## THE WAR-PATH

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fall upon the individuals who had committed the offense. Their ends would be satisfied by killing an equal or greater number of the tribe to which the murderers belonged. I-o-ka-du-za therefore selected twenty of the best of the volunteers and, in addition, four young men who had not before been upon the war-path, intending to give the latter some training in actual war. Among the young men was Hawk. He had a reputation for bravery and coolness in the hunt and was anxious to become a warrior, so Whirlwind thought he could be relied upon and made him one of the party.

Dove looked very sober when her husband told her he was to go on the war-path against their ancient enemies, the Pawnees, and her eyes filled with tears, but she was an Indian woman and was proud that Hawk had been thought worthy of the

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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honor among so many volunteers, so she choked back her tears and said never a word by way of objection or remonstrance. She busied herself in preparing food for his journey and in making him two extra pairs of moccasins, for as the Indians then had no ponies, the march must be made on foot and more than one pair would be worn out before his return. She put in his bag also some pieces of dressed elk skin, some sinew thread and a bone awl that he might repair his moccasins if necessary. His provisions were for the most part, parched corn and dried buffalo meat or "jerk," for as they were to lie concealed in the daytime they could not hunt. She prepared enough cooked food for one or two meals.

During the day which intervened between the selection and departure of the party, Hawk prepared his weapons. He

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## **THE WAR-PATH**

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selected his best bow, carefully examined the string to see that it had not become frayed or worn, and put some extra flint arrow points in his bag. He inspected every arrow before placing it in his quiver, to see that it was perfectly straight and well feathered and that the flint point was sharp and securely fastened on, and he put into his bag also some extra sinew and his glue-stick that he might repair any damage to his arrows, also his fire-sticks, pipe and tobacco. Under his breech-cloth he fastened the mystery bag given him by the medicine-man at the time of his admission to the ranks of the warriors, for to go without it was to invite bad luck.

Although an Osage and burning to avenge the death of his tribal brothers, it must be admitted that Hawk felt a little nervous at the prospect of meeting the re-

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## **HAWK; THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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doubtable Pawnee warriors in battle. A part of this feeling was due to the separation from Dove and a bright-eyed little boy, who had been born to them a few weeks before and of whom he was very proud. The thought would force itself upon his mind that he might never see them again, but whatever may have been his thoughts or apprehensions, he kept them to himself and went about his preparations without the least appearance of nervousness, and none could have concluded from his actions that going upon the war-path was not a frequent occurrence with him.

The preparations of the warriors were made very quietly and without the least apparent stir from the ordinary appearance of the village, for Pawnee spies might be lurking about and any unusual activity might arouse their suspicions. At the usual

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## **THE WAR-PATH**

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hour in the evening all the villagers retired to their lodges as if for the night, but a little later the war party stole out one by one, going in different directions to meet at a rendezvous near the outskirts of the village from which the actual start was to be made.

All the country lying between the Osage and Pawnee villages was well known to nearly every member of the party and they could find their way in the dark as well as in the daytime, but to conceal their numbers, if any Pawnee scout should discover their trail, they marched from the first in single file, each stepping in the tracks of his file leader as nearly as possible. A few miles out they reached a small stream which came down from the direction of the Pawnee country, and entering it at a stony place which would show no trace of their foot-

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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steps, they waded up this for several miles. On leaving it they selected the highest and driest ridges for their route, still proceeding in single file.

They were all in light marching order, being clothed only in breech-cloth and moccasins, and had no baggage except their weapons and a small quantity of food. Each was armed with a flint knife, a stone tomahawk, a short spear, and each carried his bow and arrows in a skin case hung at his back.

They marched rapidly and just as the first faint streaks of coming day began to show in the east, they reached another stream and after wading up it for a quarter of a mile, left it with great care and entered a tangled thicket of wild grapevines, crab-apple trees, wild plums and hazel brush. They crawled far into this cover and after

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## **THE WAR-PATH**

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each had eaten his breakfast and taken a drink from the small stream, guards were posted near the entrance of the tangle and all the others lay down to sleep.

The day passed without alarm, and a little after dusk, having eaten again of their scanty rations, they stole silently from the hiding-place and continued their march. Before dawn the next morning the party entered a similar thicket. Again guards were posted and the others slept.

This day Hawk was one of the sentries. His post was on the west side of the thicket, and he was instructed to station himself as nearly as he could to the edge of the undergrowth without danger of discovery, that he might see any one who should approach. When he reached his post he discovered that a grove of large trees without much growth of underbrush stretched toward the

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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west as far as he could see. There was a shallow ravine just inside the thicket running parallel with its edge for some distance and he at once selected this for his place of concealment and observation. When standing at his full height his head came just above its margin and he could see a long distance into the wood without danger of exposing his presence, even to a watchful foe.

He remained entirely silent and nearly motionless and had been at his post for more than an hour, when his trained eye caught a movement in the distant forest. The object was at first not approaching him but moving toward the south and across the line of his vision, and in the dim distance he could not make out whether it was a man or an animal. At length it turned directly toward him and as it came into the more

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## THE WAR-PATH

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open woods he saw that it was an Indian, who seemed wholly unconscious of any danger, moving along with a free stride and head erect and stopping from time to time to gaze around as though in search of game. On nearing the edge of the thicket, he stopped and looked for some moments into its depths, and Hawk thought at first he must have made some slight noise which had attracted the hunter's attention; but after gazing a short time in his direction he straightened up and looked back into the woods.

As soon as he observed that the stranger was approaching him, Hawk took a position behind a small bush which stood on the bank of the ravine, and which, while it entirely concealed him, allowed him to look directly through it. He knew at once from the form of the scalp lock and the feather

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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which adorned it, that the intruder was a Pawnee, one of the hated tribe whose scalps were the object of the expedition, and the feather indicated that the wearer was a warrior of some prominence. The Indian was within bow-shot and Hawk had his bow in his hand and an arrow against the string from the time the Pawnee had begun to approach the thicket. He might shoot him, perhaps, but through the bushes the arrow might be deflected and but slightly wound him, when he would, of course, give the alarm to his comrades, who might be near, so Hawk waited for a more favorable opportunity.

Soon the Pawnee began to move along the edge of the thicket, peering in from time to time and occasionally looking toward the open wood beyond. Hawk still keeping in the ravine and moving with the

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## **THE WAR-PATH**

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greatest caution, kept parallel with him, raising his head occasionally when a clump of bushes gave him an opportunity. He did a good deal of thinking in a short time. This was the first time in his life he had been actually near a foe, and he realized that not only might his own life depend upon the outcome of this adventure, but his reputation as a warrior was likely to be made or marred within a few minutes. Not only this, but the success or failure of the Osage war-party depended much upon his discretion in the present crisis. The hunter must not be permitted to enter the thicket to look for game as it appeared he was about to do, for the chances were that he would stumble upon the sleeping Osages or one of the other guards and at once escape and give the alarm. Hawk wished, however, that he might come far enough

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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within the thicket to give him a sure shot without the danger of his fall being observed by any who might chance to be in the open wood.

While Hawk was trying to study up some plan to induce him to enter, the hunter solved the problem himself. He stopped quite still for a few minutes and then gave the call of a wild-turkey, repeating it twice with a short pause between. This he did again in a few minutes, and Hawk, whose hunting experience enabled him to imitate perfectly the cry or call of any beast or bird in the locality, answered the same in a very low tone which made the sound seem to come from some distance within the thicket. The Pawnee peered into the bushes and then repeated the call, which Hawk again answered, and then the hunter began to enter the thicket cautiously

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## **THE WAR-PATH**

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so as not to disturb the bird which he wanted for his supper. Hawk now stepped behind a clump of willows that grew in the bottom of the ravine. The Pawnee made no noise and the Osage would not have been sure of his approach if he had not been able to see him through the branches. As the hunter slowly neared him, Hawk adjusted his arrow carefully upon the string and drew it half-way to the head, and was surprised to find that his nerves were entirely steady.

The Pawnee finally reached the brink of the ravine, looked cautiously round for the game which he thought must be near, and Hawk feared that he would be discovered notwithstanding the willows, but just then a real turkey, which was in the open woods and had been attracted by the calls, answered from the edge of the thicket imme-

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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diately behind the hunter, who, turning slowly round to get a shot at the bird, exposed his broad and naked back to the Osage. Hawk's arrow was immediately drawn to the head and discharged, and the aim was so true that it passed directly through the heart of the Pawnee, who never uttered a sound but made a slight spring into the air and then fell backwards into the ravine. Hawk, to make sure of his death, sprang to his side and sunk his tomahawk into his head. He now peered carefully over the bank of the ravine into the wood, and finding that all remained quiet, he grasped the dead hunter by the scalp-lock, with a quick motion of his knife cut through the skin and at the same time wrenched the scalp from his head.

This was the proudest moment of



THE  
AVERY STUDIO

"IT PASSED DIRECTLY THROUGH THE HEART OF THE  
PAWNEE."



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## THE WAR-PATH

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Hawk's life. He had taken the scalp of an enemy and was now indeed a warrior. He could scarcely refrain from giving the scalp yell of the Osages, but recollecting in time the dangerous situation of his party now in the enemy's country, he restrained himself and considered what he should do next. It was important that the dead body should be concealed lest some Pawnee hunter should discover it and give the alarm, and yet, unaided, he hardly knew how to dispose of it so as to leave no sign. Just then he heard from further in the thicket the call of the female quail, the signal agreed upon for communication with his party, which he at once answered with the call of the Bob White, and in a few minutes one of the Osages appeared upon the bank of the ravine near him. Hawk pointed to the dead Pawnee and

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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proudly held up the reeking scalp, and when his comrade had clambered down beside him, he related the whole adventure in a few whispered words and asked him how they should dispose of the body. The other told him that a few yards back he had crossed a small dry hollow full of loose stones which would answer admirably for a place of concealment. They at once carried the body to the place, covered it carefully and then returning to the ravine, scattered dry leaves and sticks over the blood so that nothing indicated there had been a tragedy. They even followed back upon the trail of the Pawnee to the edge of the thicket, obliterating all traces of his footsteps.

Hawk, now relieved by his comrade, who had been sent to take his place as guard, returned at once to the chief and the

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## **THE WAR-PATH**

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party concealed in the depths of the thicket, taking with him, of course, the scalp, weapons and ornaments of the Pawnee.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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### **CHAPTER VII**

#### **THE PAWNEES**

**W**HIRLWIND was greatly pleased when Hawk exhibited the scalp and weapons of the dead Pawnee. He required him to relate fully the whole adventure and then praised him highly for his bravery and skill in the encounter, and promised him that upon their return to the village a scalp dance should be celebrated in his honor. These praises were very sweet to Hawk as a young warrior and he wished that Dove could at once know of his success.

The presence of the Pawnee in the neighborhood indicated to Whirlwind that there might be others, and perhaps a consider-

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## THE PAWNEES

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able party. He therefore at once sent all the members of his party to thoroughly explore the thicket and to observe from its edge all the surrounding country, and arranged signals for use in the event an enemy should be discovered.

Hawk remained with the chief where the party had first stopped, but the afternoon passed without alarm. When it was nearly dark, Whirlwind gave the signal which called in all the Osages except the guards. When quite dark the guards were called also, food was eaten and the whole party proceeded to the edge of the thicket where the Pawnee had entered. There they halted and scouts were sent out in the direction from which he had approached to ascertain, if possible, how many there were of the enemy, and if the failure of the hunter to return had apparently aroused

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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any suspicion of the presence of the Osages in the vicinity.

The recent exploit of Hawk had given him such prominence that he was one of the scouts detailed for this duty, there being four others. They proceeded together a short distance and then two bore off to the left and two to the right, leaving Hawk, who kept on toward the point where he had first seen the Pawnee. His progress was slow, as he was obliged to move very carefully to avoid making a noise in the darkness. He kept his course by observing the stars and a new moon which hung low in the west, but while this light aided his movements it might also reveal his presence if any enemies should be in the neighborhood, and he therefore kept in the shadow as far as possible. He had thus proceeded about two miles without observing any-

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## **THE PAWNEES**

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thing suspicious, and had about concluded to return to the party, when his nostrils caught a faint smell of smoke from a direction nearly on his right. Moving with still greater caution, he followed up the scent until finally reaching the summit of a low bluff which skirted the valley of a small stream, he saw at some distance, the faint glimmer of a fire. Keeping a little back from the edge of the valley, for fear he might stumble upon a camp guard, he proceeded in the direction of the fire and when about opposite he again approached the bluff. The fire was plainly visible from this point, but in a moment he noticed a moving object between himself and the light which he at once concluded was a guard coming in his direction. Dropping silently to the ground, he stretched himself at full length beside a fallen tree and in a

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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few moments an Indian passed so near he could have touched him. Hawk scarcely breathed until the slight sounds made by the scout had died away in the distance, and then he proceeded to a point on the bluff where he could plainly see the camp-fire a few rods from its base, and around it a group of Indians whom he at once recognized as Pawnees from the mode of wearing the hair. He was able to count ten of the foes and while he waited two more joined them. These he conjectured to be scouts of whom one had passed so close to him a few moments before. It seemed to be a hunting party, and that they had been successful was evident from the carcass of a deer lying near the fire from which the hunters now and then cut pieces of meat to roast upon the coals and eat. This made Hawk's mouth water, for he

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## **THE PAWNEES**

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had eaten nothing for two days except a small amount of parched corn and dried meat.

He remained in his position on the bluff for about two hours, during which time no more Indians joined the party in camp, but several times one or more of them looked toward the direction in which he had killed the hunter as if expecting some one. He therefore concluded that his victim had been one of the party, but if so, his failure to return did not seem to cause any alarm.

As he continued to watch, several of the party drew their robes around them and laid down by the fire, while three, with their weapons, started off in different directions, from which he concluded they were camp guards. One of these came directly toward him, and deciding he had learned all he could, Hawk drew carefully back

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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until he was sure that he was beyond hearing, then made off at all speed to join Whirlwind and his party. As he neared the thicket he gave three hoots of an owl, the signal which had been agreed upon, and was answered at once by a guard who was close beside him. When he reached the chief, he found all the rest of the party with him, the other scouts having returned without making any discovery.

On hearing Hawk's report, Whirlwind ordered him to guide them at once to the camp he had discovered, and they reached the immediate vicinity just before dawn.

As Hawk had observed the direction in which the guards left the camp, the Osages were enabled, by making a slight detour, to approach without attracting the attention of these, and the hunters were in their soundest slumber when the Osages, sound-

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## **THE PAWNEES**

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ing their war-whoop, dashed in among them. The surprise was complete. Five Pawnees were killed outright in the onslaught and one rendered unconscious by a blow from Hawk's tomahawk, while three who were slightly wounded and the three guards made their escape in the darkness of the early dawn.

The Pawnee, over whom Hawk was still standing with his tomahawk raised, began to recover consciousness. Whirlwind was tempted to carry him as a prisoner to the Osage village that he might be put to the torture, but reflecting that the Pawnees who had escaped would soon reach their village, which was but a few miles distant, and that a large party would at once return, decided that it would be folly to hamper their flight with a prisoner and reluctantly gave Hawk a signal to dispatch him, which he did and

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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removing the scalp placed it, with that of the other Pawnee, in his belt.

The party now made a hasty meal from the flesh of the deer lying beside the campfire, and without any attempt to conceal their trail, started directly for the Osage village. They travelled at the utmost speed day and night, and reached home in safety, although the scouts who had marched some distance in the rear, reported that they had been followed by a large force of Pawnees who had nearly overtaken them and had only desisted from pursuit when the village was in sight.

A large number of Osage warriors at once started out to give them battle, but they soon found from the trail that they had turned about and were making all speed back to their own territory.

When the party of Whirlwind entered

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## THE PAWNEES

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the village it was welcomed by nearly every inhabitant large enough to walk, and when the villagers saw that none were missing or seriously wounded, and that they had several scalps, the air rang with the shouts of joy and victory. Among them none were more joyful and elated than Dove, and when she saw two scalps hanging at Hawk's belt, she was sure that it was the happiest day of her life. Not only was he safely back, but he had killed two of the hated Pawnees, and thus was entitled to more honor than even the chief who had command of the party.

Hawk flashed upon his wife one glance of love, allowed his eyes to rest for a moment upon the baby whose cradle she carried at her back, and then made no further sign of their presence. To have shown any emotion in public would not have been in

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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keeping with his dignity at any time, but now that he was a successful warrior and had shown bravery in an actual contest with the enemy, an exhibition of any human emotion would be very much out of place. He held his head high, stepped proudly and marched to the Council House with the other members of the party, without looking to the right or the left, while Dove went at once to her mother's lodge to prepare food for him.

As soon as the warriors dispersed, Hawk went immediately but slowly to his lodge. Once inside, however, his manner changed. He caught Dove in his arms and embraced her fondly and then took up the cradle-board and looked long and earnestly at his baby boy.

While the Osages were usually stoical and indifferent in the presence of others,

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## **THE PAWNEES**

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they were kind and affectionate in the privacy of their homes, and Hawk held both wife and baby in a long embrace.

After a while, his mother-in-law said: "Dove, ask your husband what he would like to have for supper; he must be hungry after his long march." Without waiting for the question to be repeated by his wife, Hawk said: "Tell your mother I would like some succotash and broiled venison, if it is convenient. I am so glad to get home and see you and the baby that I forgot it, but I am nearly starved and about tired to death."

Dove now assisted her mother to prepare the meal and when it was nearly ready she brought a large gourd full of water from a spring in the hillside near by.

While the supper was cooking Hawk lay down upon a couch of dressed buffalo skins

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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near the side of the lodge and began to play with his boy who was now old enough to take some notice. The game was the old one still played by all fathers, whether civilized or barbarous. He would conceal his face behind part of a robe then suddenly withdrawing it, say "boo!" The boy's round red face would dimple with smiles, his little beady black eyes would sparkle with fun and Hawk was as proud of him as any white father could be of a fine son.

Soon, however, Dove announced that supper was ready. No table was set and there was no display of dishes, indeed, to be truthful, I must tell you that Hawk did not even wash his face and hands; he merely laid the cradle on one side and sat on the edge of the couch. No one ate with him: his father-in-law was absent, and eti-

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## **THE PAWNEES**

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quette would not permit women to eat with warriors.

The meal began with a large bowl of succotash, made by boiling meat, dried corn, beans and choke-cherries together in an earthen vessel. The bowl was also of clay and had been made by Dove, who was an expert potter, as were all the women. It contained more than a quart of succotash and, as there had been a liberal quantity of marrow cooked with it, one would have thought it sufficient for a whole meal. Hawk ate with a large spoon made from a buffalo horn, and when he began to scrape the bottom of the bowl, Dove brought him, on a piece of bark, which I am afraid was not very clean, a large slice of venison she had broiled on a fire in the center of the lodge. Hawk had neither knife nor fork, but as he would not have known how to use

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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them, he did not miss them. He took the slice of venison in his hands, and although it burned his fingers, he continued to tear and eat it with great satisfaction while Dove broiled another as large as the first. When this was finished she brought him a third, and when this also disappeared, with a grunt of satisfaction he admitted that he had enough. The meal he had eaten would have seemed to us enough for a whole family, but he had been without food for two or three days while marching, and besides, the Indians were great eaters when food was in plenty, although they could go a long time without it when necessary.

Dove now filled his stone pipe with a mixture of red willow bark and tobacco, placed a lighted coal on top and the stem between his lips. Hawk did not forget to blow the smoke first toward the sky, the

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## THE PAWNEES

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earth and the four quarters of the heavens in acknowledgment of the good services of his mystery bag in preserving him and gaining him the victory in the recent expedition. He smoked in the greatest content and Dove filled and lighted the pipe a second time. When this was finished he laid it down while he thought for a few moments of the happiness that was his. He was yet a very young man but he had an accomplished and beautiful wife, the finest baby in the tribe, and now that he had distinguished himself on this expedition, he would have a scalp dance in his honor and would be a noted warrior of the tribe. He was tired and he felt so contented that he wanted to sleep, so he stretched himself out on the couch and took a long nap.

Dove sat very still while he slept, but she removed the baby's cradle to the other

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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side of the lodge that it might not disturb him if it should awake. While she sat there she thought, too, of the blessings of her lot. She had a handsome baby of whom she was very proud, but this was nothing to her pride in her brave and stalwart husband. She sat there gazing with the fondest affection at his sleeping face, but at length her eyes fell upon the two bloody scalps at his belt, and for a moment she shuddered as she thought how different the home coming of the war-party would have been for her had a Pawnee warrior carried Hawk's scalp to his village, but she choked back such thoughts as unworthy the wife of such a valiant and successful warrior, and then she thought long and pleasantly of the honorable position he would now occupy in the tribe, and the reflected honor which would be hers as his wife, and of the airs

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## THE PAWNEES

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she would put on in the presence of the wives of warriors who had not yet taken scalps.

She was nearly dying to learn all about the expedition, but she was too well raised, and knew the duties of an Indian wife too well to ask her husband any questions until he should be ready to tell her about it.

Once or twice Hawk started and muttered in his sleep, and once his hand grasped the knife in his belt. The enormous meal he had eaten was probably causing him to dream of his recent adventures, but Dove thought his medicine or mystery spirit was talking to him and kept very still, although she felt awed in its presence and turned her head away.

At length Hawk became fully awake and sat up. He raised the scalps and told Dove that he wanted her to prepare a couple of

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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willow hoops on which to stretch them after his return from the Council that evening, so that they might be hung up as trophies to ornament the new lodge which he hoped soon to establish for themselves.

As he held up the scalp of the Pawnee he had killed in the thicket, which he knew by the eagle's feather braided in it, he looked at it gravely for a moment and then said: "My dear, what if my arrow had struck a twig and missed that fellow; I would not be here talking to you." Dove shuddered, but she sat up very straight with great interest, for she knew the story she had been longing to hear was coming. She lighted another pipe and coaxingly asked him to tell her all about it.

While Hawk smoked he related his watch in the thicket, the approach of the Pawnee through the open woods, his peering into

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## THE PAWNEES

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the thicket, his turkey call, the response by himself and the appearance of the real turkey at the critical time. How, when the broad back of the hunter was exposed, he sent his arrow through it with such force that it came out on the other side of the body, and, finally, how he had scalped and disposed of the body. Dove clasped her hands breathlessly while the Pawnee was peering into the thicket, gave a breath of relief when the real turkey was reached and shouted so loud as to wake the baby when the arrow struck the Pawnee.

At the close of the narrative she said very gravely: "Did you have your mystery bag with you?" Hawk replied that he had, of course, and it was tied to his belt at the back under his breech-cloth. Then she said: "Mr. Hawk, you may say what you please, but I shall always believe the mys-

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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terry spirit in that bag brought that turkey to the edge of the thicket."

She then asked about the other scalp and Hawk told her of the search for the enemy's camp, his discovering it by the smell of the smoke, the nearness of discovery when he lay beside the log, how he learned the numbers of the enemy and then guided his party to their camp, of the attack and his extra luck in securing the second scalp, the haste with which they had returned followed by the enraged Pawnees, and the promise of the chief that a scalp dance should be given in his honor.

Dove lost her interest somewhat at this point, for she began to think over her scanty stock of jewels and meager wardrobe and to decide what she would wear on the great occasion.

The village crier had announced before

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## **THE PAWNEES**

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that there would be a meeting of the Council at dark, and as the shades of evening were beginning to fall Hawk removed some of the stains of travel, put on clean clothing, and with his robe around him, moved sedately to the Council House.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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### **CHAPTER VIII**

#### **THE SCALP DANCE**

**W**HEN Hawk arrived at the Council House he found most of the warriors already assembled, and a number were there from the other villages of the tribe. They were seated in concentric circles around a large fire which had been built in the center, and the chiefs were in a group at one side. While a few were chatting with each other, the most were gravely smoking. All being assembled, the oldest warrior present called to order by rapping sharply with his tomahawk on one of the posts. He stated that the object of the meeting was to fix the time and the details for a scalp dance to be given

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## THE SCALP DANCE

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in honor of the successful war-party which had just returned from an expedition against the Pawnees, and to determine, who, if any, of the party were entitled to any special honors on the occasion.

Whirlwind, who had been in command of the party, now arose. He stated that every warrior of the party had conducted himself as an Osage, and all were entitled to honor, but here was one young man who had never before been upon the war-path, whose actions had been conspicuous for bravery and whose coolness and judgment had contributed, perhaps, more than anything else, to the success of the expedition. The young man was present and he would ask him to relate his part in the campaign.

This was a proud moment for the young Osage. His father was present, also his father-in-law, and all the leading warriors

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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of the tribe. He arose in some embarrassment, and, recognizing his youth, addressed the assemblage as "My fathers;" but his embarrassment soon left him as he rapidly and graphically related the incidents of his encounter with the Pawnee in the thicket. He described the approach of the hunter to the place where he was on guard; his own concealment in the small ravine; his close watch of the approaching enemy; the hunter's turkey-call and his own reply; the moment of suspense while the warrior stood upon the brink of the ravine, and, finally, the lucky appearance of the real turkey, which gave him the opportunity for a sure shot. He passed lightly over his subsequent scout, the discovery of the Pawnee's camp, and the surprise and final conflict, but held up his two scalps as attesting his own conduct.

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## THE SCALP DANCE

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As Hawk sat down there were a number of grunts of approval from the warriors, and before the Council adjourned it was ordered that a scalp dance in honor of the recent victory should be celebrated on the next night but one and continued for two nights; the dancers for the first evening to be confined to members of the recent war-party with their female relatives, the second night all warriors who had during the past year killed an enemy should have a right to take part. It was further ordered, that on account of the conspicuous bravery and coolness of Hawk as a young warrior, and the fact that he alone of all the party had taken two scalps, he should occupy the place of honor in the dance, should have the privilege of painting his scalps and weapons red for the occasion and wear in his scalp-lock a hawk's feather with two

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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notches cut in it to represent the two scalps. It was also determined that he should thereafter have the right to wear his hair in warrior fashion.

The Osages had strange customs in regard to wearing the hair. Until a man had taken a scalp he wore his hair in the fashion of most of the tribes, long, parted in the middle and hanging down his back, or with the side locks brought forward in front of the shoulders; but after taking a scalp the hair was trimmed close to the head, except a strip about two inches wide from the forehead to the top of the head, left about two inches long, to stand up like a brush, and except the scalp-lock, which was left long to be braided and hang down behind. The scalp-lock was about four inches in diameter at the crown of the head.

Hawk spent nearly all the next day pre-

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## **THE SCALP DANCE**

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paring his clothing and decorations for the great event. His father and Panther left before daylight on a joint hunt to provide meat for the guests they might expect from the neighboring Osage villages, but before they started each made him a present. His father gave him a necklace of bear claws from animals he had killed in his youth. In front it had a large pendant of turquoise highly polished which he had obtained many years before in a battle with a tribe far to the southwest, where such material was sometimes found and was greatly prized for making ornaments. Panther's present was his most cherished article of jewelry. Many years before, a number of the Siouan tribes had confederated for the purpose of invading the territory of the Algonquins east of the Mississippi River, and Panther had been of the invading force.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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A number of battles were fought in some of which the Sioux were victorious, but finally, after losing many of their warriors, they had been compelled to retreat to their own country, the Winnebagoes alone maintaining themselves in the territory they had conquered. In one of these encounters Panther had the good fortune to kill an enemy who was wearing on his arm a broad bracelet of polished copper, which, of course, fell to him as spoils. He had ever since cherished it as the apple of his eye and its possession had given him a reputation as one of the richest men in the tribe. That he now gave it to Hawk was the highest proof of how pleased he was with his conduct.

Dove was so pleased at the sight of these presents that she danced with joy and brought out her own surprise, which was a

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## **THE SCALP DANCE**

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pair of moccasins she had made for Hawk during his recent absence. They were simply covered with ornaments of colored quills and she had sewed strips of fur in each seam. She told her husband that he would not only be the bravest and handsomest but the best-dressed man at the dance.

As soon as Hawk had finished his morning meal he took his seat upon a stump in front of the tipi. Dove stood beside him with some dry willow sticks which one by one she placed in the fire until the end was a glowing coal, and with these she proceeded to cut his hair. She would gather up a bunch of hair as close to the scalp as she could and with the live coal on the end of the stick burn it off, proceeding thus with lock after lock until both sides were trimmed close to the scalp and very

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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evenly too. In the center, from his forehead to the top of his head, the hair on the strip about two inches wide was left some two inches long and it stood up like a brush. In a circle on top of his head, about five inches in diameter, she left the hair undisturbed and braided it into a scalp lock to hang down behind, inserting the hawk's feather with two notches in it.

When the hair dressing was completed she made Hawk put on his new moccasins, the bracelet and necklace and take his weapons and strut around the lodge for her admiration.

The night before, while her husband attended the Council meeting, Dove had made a couple of willow hoops about four inches in diameter, and over these she now stretched the two Pawnee scalps and rubbed the flesh side of them with red ochre. That

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## **THE SCALP DANCE**

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morning she had procured two willow branches about six feet long and an inch thick at the larger end. From these she now peeled the bark and taking from its hiding place a copper spear head, which her father had obtained at the same time with the bracelet, she heated it in the fire and with the edge and point burned circles, stripes, zigzags and other figures on the sticks by way of ornament. The scalps were to be tied to the top of these poles and be carried by her in the dance.

While Dove was thus employed, Hawk reddened his spear, knife and tomahawk with ochre, and by the time this was completed it was nearly night.

A while after dark some of the neighbors came in and Hawk was compelled to relate fully his encounter with the Pawnee warrior. Afterwards the company was enter-

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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tained by an old man who was reputed to be the best story-teller of the tribe. He told of a number of war and hunting expeditions in which he had in his youth participated, and related several ghost and fairy stories handed down by tradition.

At a late hour their guests departed and Hawk and Dove retired, but he could not sleep until his wife had tied a small skin over his head, as it felt too cool from losing the heavy covering of hair.

The next morning Dove, having first assisted her husband to complete his preparations for the honorable part he was to take in the festivities of the evening, aided her mother to cook food for the guests they might be called upon to entertain, and then devoted the most of the afternoon to her own toilet. She first combed her hair with a comb made by tying together a bundle of

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## THE SCALP DANCE

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small twigs, the ends being kept even, and her mother assisted her in parting it evenly from the forehead to the back of the neck and in painting the scalp at the parting a bright red. It was braided in two braids which hung down her back; and around her forehead she wore a narrow band of otter fur ornamented with colored quills. The side seams of her leggings had fur sewed in, and there was a row of colored quills down each side of the seams. Her moccasins had similar ornamentation and her tight fitting, sleeveless shirt was of the finest dressed fawn skin, but her skirt was the best garment she wore. It reached from the waist to the knees, was of fine buckskin and ornamented elaborately. Around the bottom was a strip of otter fur about four inches wide and above that was row after row of elk teeth from animals

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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killed by her husband and father; indeed, her mother had given up all her own ornaments of this kind that Dove might be properly gowned for the important occasion. She wore anklets made by tying together the hoofs of antelopes and fawns, and these, as she walked, tinkled almost like little bells and when she danced they sounded like castanets. Both her plump bare arms were encircled by copper bracelets bright as gold from the scouring with ashes she had given them, and she wore a necklace made of shells and the teeth of small animals. The bracelets were a gift from her father, but the necklace had been made by Hawk just before their marriage. He had spent many hours drilling holes through the teeth with a small stick and sharp sand, and it had been his wedding present. In accordance with the custom, Dove had several holes in

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## **THE SCALP DANCE**

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the cartilage of each ear near the rim and in these she hung small white shells.

When dressed, Dove took in her hands the small poles to which the scalps were attached and danced around the lodge for the admiration of her husband, who declared that his wife would be the handsomest woman in the crowd.

When the drum sounded to assemble the dancers, they proceeded to the Council House; Hawk arrayed in all his finery, reddened weapons in hand, while Dove carried in one hand the small poles with the scalps attached and in the other a gourd containing a number of small pebbles for use as a rattle.

The orchestra which was to furnish the music was already in position on one side of the lodge. It consisted of a drum made by stretching a rawhide tightly over a sec-

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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tion of a hollow tree, and was beaten with a club. A second musician wielded a rattle of deer hoofs and a third had a gourd with pebbles. There were also six boys whose duty it was to shout in time, "hi, hi, hi," and strike together two dry sticks.

The Council House was made like a large lodge, circular in form, the roof and sides being covered with dressed buffalo skins, but to-night the side walls had been taken down that the crowd, massed around the outside, might witness the performance. A large fire had been kindled in the center and around the sides were a number of torches made from the dry loose bark of the hickory-tree. These were held by boys, and other bundles of bark were ready for use when any should be burned out.

The warriors who had been of the party against the Pawnees took their places on

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## **THE SCALP DANCE**

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one side of the building and their women ranged themselves opposite. The music started and the women advanced toward the men, dancing by two short hops on each foot, at the same time ejaculating the syllables "hi, hi, hi," and shaking their rattles at each hop. They then retreated in the same manner, the men following and shouting "ho, ho, ho." This was kept up for some time and then the women assembled in a group facing outward while the men circled around them in single file, each brandishing his weapons and shouting the war-whoop of the Osages at the top of his voice while the women shook and flourished the scalps and kept up their shrill shouts of "hi, hi, hi."

When tired of this the dancers stood in a circle while one warrior at a time entered the cleared space in the center and depicted

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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in pantomime what was intended to represent his own actions during the recent campaign. Several varied the performance by loudly boasting of their own valorous deeds and ridicule of the Pawnees for their panic when the camp was assaulted. These relations brought rounds of applause from the bystanders, but when Hawk entered the ring all interest centered in him as the guest of honor. He confined himself wholly to pantomime and proved to be no indifferent actor. He first showed the party leaving the village one by one after nightfall; their assembly at the rendezvous; their rapid march in single file to the first stream and wading up it, crossing the prairie and wading again; their concealment during the days in thickets and all the occurrences leading up to and including his killing and scalping the Pawnee. When the applause

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## **THE SCALP DANCE**

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which followed this realistic pantomime had subsided, Hawk continued to depict his search for the camp of the enemy; his detecting the smoke; the discovery of the camp-fire; his escape from detection by the scout; counting the number of the hunting party; the return to his own band; their rapid approach to the Pawnee camp; the surprise and final charge; the victory, his second scalp and their hasty return to the village.

The applause which followed this exhibition was loud and prolonged, and after it subsided, the announcement was made that the dance would be continued the next evening, and all dispersed to their lodges, many with guests from neighboring villages. Smoking and story-telling were indulged in at many of the lodges until nearly morning.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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The next day was given up to feasting and sports; foot-racing, shooting at marks and games of ball by the boys and younger warriors, while the older ones engaged in gambling. The principal game was one with wild plum stones having marks scratched upon them, which were shaken in a moccasin and thrown like dice. The players and bystanders made their bets freely and many fine buffalo robes and handsome weapons exchanged owners as the game progressed. Some of the gamblers, after losing their immediate possessions, staked a wife, and, in consequence, several women found they had new husbands in the evening. To this they made no objection but quietly accompanied their new lords to their lodges. The custom was so common as to occasion no surprise or resistance. Some of the warriors, however,

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## **THE SCALP DANCE**

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who had in the excitement of the game, staked and lost favorite wives, compromised with the winners by the promise of an extravagant number of buffalo robes for their redemption.

The exercises at the dance on the second night were much the same as on the first, except that as all the warriors who had taken scalps during the year were allowed to participate, the pantomime was more varied and there was an entire change of program, many other battles and personal adventures being described in similar pantomime and boastful words.

The whole performance was pronounced quite a success, and all the young men were incited to patriotic efforts against the tribal enemies that they might attain similar honors.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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### **CHAPTER IX**

#### **HIS OWN LODGE**

**E**ARLY one fall Hawk commenced the erection of a lodge as a home for himself and Dove. The boy born before his expedition against the Pawnees had been succeeded by a bright-eyed girl of whom he was even prouder than he had been of his son, and both himself and wife thought it was time for them to establish a home of their own. All of Hawk's relatives and many boys and friends, both men and women, assisted. While the men burned down and burned off trees of the proper size and length for posts, forks and rafters, the women carried these sticks to

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## **HIS OWN LODGE**

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the place selected, as well as small brush and grass with which to cover the roof.

The stone axes used by the Indians before the advent of the whites were of little use for actual chopping, as they could not be made to carry an edge strong and fine enough for this purpose, so they piled dry wood around the base of a tree and burned it down, wetting the trunk above to prevent the fire from ascending the tree, and in a similar manner they burned off the sticks at the desired length.

As this lodge was to be a small one, a circle, perhaps twenty feet in diameter, was marked off on the ground and all hands went to work with picks and spades made from flints and the shoulder-blades of buffaloes and elks, removing the dirt within the circle to the depth of about four feet. The dirt removed was carried out of the

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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excavation in bark baskets and hides and piled up for use later. Forked posts were then planted a few feet apart around the outer edge of the excavation, extending about a foot above the top and connected by poles laid from fork to fork to support the rafters. The space between these posts was filled in by driving down smaller posts close together. Four heavy posts with forks were set in a square near the center; these being about twelve to fifteen feet high, and heavy poles laid from one to the other on which were placed long poles sloping down to the plates at the eaves. On these rafters was placed a thick layer of small brush and then several inches of long prairie grass. A thick wall of sods and dirt was built up to the eaves, and the dirt taken out of the excavation was piled over the whole roof to the depth of two feet or more and beaten

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## **HIS OWN LODGE**

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down hard so as to make the roof solid. A roof like this would turn rain and last for many years.

The house, when completed, looked like a great mound of earth with four posts sticking out near the center. The space between these posts was not covered but was left for a chimney or smoke-hole and to give light, for there were no windows and the only other opening was an entrance passage several feet long, on one side, made like the house, except the doorway, over which a buffalo hide was hung.

When the lodge had been thus enclosed, his friends left Hawk to complete the interior, which he did with the assistance of Dove. They first dug a circular depression about four feet in diameter and one foot deep in the center, which they filled with clay dampened and well beaten, for a fire

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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hearth. This was immediately under the smoke-hole. They made a bed or couch at one side of the lodge, which they first covered with a good bed of dry grass and then with plenty of buffalo hides and other skins for covering, and constructed a similar but smaller bed near it for the babies. Hawk spent several days in making a metate or mortar for grinding corn, small seeds and dried meat, by pecking a circular depression with flint picks in a flat stone. He made this cavity about a foot in diameter and two inches deep and when completed rubbed the inside smooth with sharp sand and water, and then shaped another stone for a pestle to grind with.

All being finally completed, they brought from her mother's lodge the skins, furs, baskets, pottery vessels, clothing, utensils, weapons, ornaments and other personal

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### **HIS OWN LODGE**

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property belonging to each, and Dove, having carried from the river-bank several armfuls of driftwood, they kindled a fire, cooked their supper and lay down to sleep in their own home. Very happy and proud they were to occupy it, but the small red boy looked very strangely at his new surroundings, which brought peals of laughter from his parents.

They had no callers the first night, as it was not considered conducive to good luck to have friends intrude the first night, but the next they came in numbers, for the young couple were very popular in the village.

As soon as they had finished the small conveniences necessary in the house and were fairly established, Hawk went to hunting diligently every day and brought home every night a plentiful supply of meat

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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which Dove dried and cared for, and they invited their relatives and all who had assisted them in building the lodge to a feast.

During their season Dove had gathered quantities of nuts, wild plums, berries, grapes, sunflower and other seeds which she had dried. She had also during the summer cultivated a large patch of corn, pumpkins, beans, and a patch of tobacco. Much of the corn she had cut from the cobs and dried while it was in the roasting-ear or milk stage, and the rest of it was in a small crib or bin on one side of the lodge, as were also the squashes and pumpkins, while the beans she had shelled and they were in baskets hung to the rafters.

The day before the party, and nearly all that day, Dove and her mother were busy over the fire in the center of the lodge.

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## **HIS OWN LODGE**

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They boiled meat, corn, pumpkins and dried choke-cherries together in large pottery vessels holding several gallons; they cracked large quantities of nuts and filled small baskets with dried berries and fruits and parched corn, to be passed around to their guests.

A few days before Dove had boiled a quantity of corn in water with wood-ashes and when the grain was thoroughly cooked and greatly swollen, she had washed it through several waters to remove the ley at the same time rubbing off the skin. This she now cooked again, putting in a quantity of buffalo marrow, and this hominy would constitute one of the principal courses at the feast.

Both Hawk and Dove, dressed in their best with all their ornaments, received their guests who began to arrive soon after dark.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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No regrets were received, and as soon as all had arrived food was served and every guest ate to the extent of his or her capacity, and then, a bright fire being kept up in the center of the lodge, they all smoked in great content for some time. After this, I-o-ka-du-za, who was a noted story-teller, entertained them with stories and traditions of the former wars of the tribe. One of the most thrilling of these was a narrative of a war-party against the Pawnees in which he had taken part many years before, and in which the enemy had come upon them in overwhelming numbers and few of the Osage party escaped death or injury. This led an old warrior to relate a story of the invasion of the Osage territory many years before by a war-party from a tribe whose home was far to the northeast, on the shores of a great lake. Almost every warrior of

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## HIS OWN LODGE

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this strange tribe had worn copper bracelets and necklaces and not a few of them had knives and spear heads of this metal, which had been hardened by pounding them into shape, and they would carry a much sharper and better edge than the flint knives of the Osages. The Osages had summoned all their warriors and met them bravely in a series of battles, and although his tribe had lost many warriors, it was finally successful and every stranger was killed, not one being left to carry back the tale to the villages by the distant lakes. Nearly all the copper ornaments and weapons, then somewhat plentiful among the Osages, had been acquired in this war.

Several of the guests told ghost stories, and they finally persuaded I-ho-ni-ca-ta, or Stone Axe, Dove's uncle, to tell one of the

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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ancient stories handed down by tradition,  
and this is the story he told:

"A long time ago, when animals could talk with human beings, there was a young man whose wife's father hated him and plotted to kill him; so he invited the young man, who lived in another village, to a feast. Before he arrived, the wife's father dug a very deep pit in the floor of his lodge and covered it with small dry sticks on which he laid a couch of skins.

"On his way to the village and feast the young man met a wolf which was very lean and nearly starved. The young man said to the wolf: 'Good morning, my brother; are you well?' The wolf answered: 'I am very hungry and can find nothing to eat. Take your bow and shoot me that I may die and forget my hunger.' The young man said: 'My brother, why should you

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## HIS OWN LODGE

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die? Here is meat;' and he gave him a large piece of buffalo meat he was taking as a present to his wife's father.

"The wolf ate the meat and the young man went on his way. When he arrived at the lodge he was well received. His wife's father said: 'My son, I am glad to see you. Is your wife, my daughter, well and are the dear children well? Sit down on this nice couch until the feast is ready.' When he did so the sticks broke and he fell into the pit which was very deep. His wife's father threw some skins down on him and then filled the pit with dirt. Early the next morning the whole village removed to a distant place and the wife's father took down his lodge and removed with the others, and none but he knew that the young man was in the pit.

"After two or three days a pack of

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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wolves wandered into the deserted village in search of food. One of them smelled the hides which were in the pit; or, perhaps, he smelled the young man, and he dug down until he found him. The wolf said: 'My brother, you did not shoot me but gave me meat, and now I will save you.' So he called the other wolves and they found a long raw-hide rope which they let down in the pit until the young man took hold of it, then all the wolves pulled on it with their teeth until they pulled the young man out.

"The young man ate some food, and when he was strong he found his wife's father and killed and scalped him."

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## **THE SACRED SPRING**

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### **CHAPTER X**

#### **THE SACRED SPRING**

**I**N the spring after the lodge was built, Dove was taken sick and remained for several months so ill that Hawk joined no war-parties and went on no long hunting excursions. He hunted and fished enough, however, to supply the family wants and to pay the medicine-man who attended her.

She was not confined to the bed much of the time, but was weak, listless and easily exhausted; now shaking with chills and then burning with fever. She was waited upon assiduously by her own and Hawk's mother, and, except when it was necessary

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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to procure food, her husband never left her side.

Both of the babies grew and flourished, however, and Hawk spent much of his idle time in amusing and entertaining his boy.

The medicine-man, who was Dove's uncle, Stone Axe, visited her daily, smoked his pipes and practised his incantations. He used his most sacred pipe and often reviled the evil spirit which caused her sickness, ordering it to flee to the distant mountains or hide itself in the swamp and cease tormenting her. He finally introduced his most powerful treatment. He dressed himself in the skin of a black bear, took his rattle in his hand and visited her. He walked around her on all fours, imitating the motions of the animal he represented; growled in deep bass and jumped over her body back and forth, but all without effect.

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## **THE SACRED SPRING**

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He then told her husband that his wife's illness was caused by a malignant spirit which had a great enmity against Hawk himself, and had made his wife ill to cause him sorrow. He said the abode of this spirit was in a sacred spring about two days' journey northwest of the village, and before Dove could recover under his treatment it would be necessary to propitiate the spirit and induce it to remove its baleful influence. He advised that Hawk should carefully purify himself by abstaining for a time from certain food and by daily sweat-baths, while the doctor himself would continue his incantations to ascertain what should be done to induce the spirit to withdraw from the persecution of Dove.

To this, Hawk, who greatly loved his wife, gave a cheerful consent. He cared

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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little what suffering he might endure, provided only it might result in her recovery. For several days, therefore, under direction of the doctor, he entered the In-i-ti-pi, or sweat-lodge, and when in profuse perspiration, plunged into the river.

At the end of five days, Stone Axe decided that his purification was complete and he ordered him to make a pilgrimage to this spring, taking with him as sacrifices or presents to the spirit, his most valuable ornaments and finest weapons, including a perfect spear, a large knife, a bundle of arrows of the finest manufacture, a quantity of tobacco and a few of the best and largest vessels in the household supply of pottery. He was to take with him also, a white buffalo robe belonging to the medicine-man, as a defense against the attacks of any spirits upon himself.

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## **THE SACRED SPRING**

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These white robes were very rare and only once in many years was a white buffalo found or killed; but they were valuable, as it was well known that the owner was not only safe from weapons of an enemy, but a man wrapped in such a robe might sleep safely in the worst spirit-haunted locality.

He told Hawk he must make certain sacrifices at the spring every morning and evening for five days; reciting at the same time a prayer which he taught him, and that he must wrap himself in the robe at night and be sure to remember his dreams.

Hawk at once made up a bundle of presents for the spirit of the spring, took an affectionate leave of his wife and babies and set out.

Dove, having implicit confidence in her

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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doctor, seemed better already, and her husband left the village early in the morning with a light step and cheerful countenance. He carried only his presents, his weapons and a small quantity of food, and he was so anxious for his wife's recovery that he scarcely paused day or night until he reached the spring.

He approached it with not a little awe, for the Indians, brave enough in personal encounters in the hunt or on the war-path, were greatly afraid of spirits, and when Hawk saw the large bones of mammoths and other prehistoric animals which lay about the small swamp or protruded from its mud, he almost wished he had not undertaken the trip.

He had often heard of the spring, but the Indians never encamped in its locality, and none of them ever visited it except on such

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## THE SACRED SPRING

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errands as that of Hawk. The bones they thought to be those of spirits, and this, with the strange taste of the water, made the place wakanda or mysterious and therefore to be avoided.

After a short time, however, his fear wore off to some extent, he kindled a fire, burned some tobacco and cast into the spring some of the presents, repeating at the same time the prayer Stone Axe had taught him, and then, wrapped in the protecting white robe, lay down without fear and slept soundly until morning, for he was very tired.

If he dreamed anything that night he did not remember it.

He repeated the sacrifices and prayers every morning and evening for five days, fasting all the time according to the instructions.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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Before casting a pottery vessel into the spring, he broke it that it might become dead or spiritualized and thus acceptable to the spirits.

On the second night he dreamed that he was ill in a manner similar to the sickness of Dove; that he went into the woods and procured some very bitter bark of which he chewed and swallowed a quantity and felt much better. The third night he dreamed that he was sick and burning with fever; that he went to the spring and bathed in it, finding the water so hot that it nearly scalded him, but after the bath he was again better. The fourth night his dream was that he was very weak, but when he had shot a fawn and taken several drinks of broth he made from its flesh, his strength was fully restored and he was entirely well. The fifth night he had no

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## **THE SACRED SPRING**

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dream and in the morning he cast the last of his presents into the water and burned his final offering of tobacco.

His fast was now over and he ate heartily of the dried meat and parched corn he had brought with him, gathered up his weapons and robe and stood by the spring for a last look before starting home.

While gazing at a large bone of a mammoth which was sticking out of the swamp a few steps from him, to his horror he saw it begin to rise. He stood spellbound while the bone and surrounding mud rose slowly to the height of about a foot, making a mound some four feet in diameter. All at once the bone leaped clear out followed by a stream of mud and water. At this, Hawk, who thought that one of the spirits of the spring was about to appear, gave a

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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loud yell and started for home, never once looking back.<sup>1</sup>

Hawk spent the night far from the locality, but had it not been for the robe of the white buffalo he would not have slept. Safe from all spirits while in its folds, his sleep was sound and in the morning he was entirely recovered from his fright.

He found himself frightfully hungry, but having soon killed a deer, he cooked

<sup>1</sup>This spring still bubbles up in a swamp of an acre or so in extent in the northeast part of the Indian Territory, near the village of Afton. There still lie in and around the swamp bones of mammoths and other large animals, but most of them have been carried away by curiosity hunters. Visitors are still frequently surprised by the rising and rupture of small mounds of mud, caused doubtless by the accumulation of gasses in the depths of the swamp. The water is strongly impregnated with sulphur and is supposed to have medicinal properties.

A few years ago the spring was cleared out by the Bureau of American Ethnology under the personal direction of Dr. W. H. Holmes, who found hundreds of flint knives, spear and arrow heads in its depths, which were doubtless offerings similar to those made by Hawk.

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## THE SACRED SPRING

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and ate a goodly portion of it, tied a part of the flesh in the hide which he slung over his shoulder and resumed his journey, deeply pondering over his strange experiences and hoping he might find Dove fully recovered on his return, as the result of his pilgrimage and sacrifices.

When he reached home, however, greatly to his disappointment, he found her worse; her fever was so high that she talked in an irrational manner and did not recognize him. She thought she was again attacked by the Pawnees and screamed for him to rescue her. Greatly alarmed, he went at once to the medicine-man and reproached him with the failure of the expedition. Stone Axe paid little attention to Hawk's scolding but questioned him closely about what he had done, what dreams he had and what had occurred at the Wakanda Spring.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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When he had concluded, he told Hawk that nothing could be more satisfactory and that Dove would now recover. He said that when the bone leaped out of the swamp, it was evidence that the spirit had heard his prayers and was favorably impressed by the gifts.

Stone Axe said nothing about the dreams but pondered deeply upon them, and finally concluded they were messages from the spirit of the spring in regard to the treatment to be adopted for Dove's recovery. He at once went to the woods and procuring bark similar to that used by Hawk in his dream, he made a decoction from it, of which he caused his patient to drink frequently for five days. Then he made a bath in her lodge by digging a shallow pit and lining it with a fresh buffalo hide. This he filled with water and after heating it

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## **THE SACRED SPRING**

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with hot stones, put her in for half an hour, keeping the water as hot as she could bear it; after which she was warmly covered in bed to perspire freely. After five days of this treatment, he had Hawk shoot a fawn and fed her upon its broth for five days more, at the end of which time the disease had entirely left her and it was only necessary that she should have plenty of nourishing food and do but little work for a few weeks when her strength was entirely restored and she went about her duties as usual.

Stone Axe was greatly delighted with the new cure for fevers which Hawk's lucky dreams had brought to his knowledge. He cautioned him not to relate them to any one, fearing some rival practitioner might learn the treatment; but he told Hawk his wife was sure to become ill again if he told

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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them. The doctor, however, adopted this treatment for all cases of chills and fevers and was so successful that he attained a reputation as the greatest medicine-man of the tribe, against whose magic the strongest spirits could not prevail.

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**DOVE CAPTURED**

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**CHAPTER XI****DOVE CAPTURED**

ONE night Hawk, returning late from a hunting expedition, found no one in the lodge. He supposed Dove had gone with the children to stay with her mother, as she sometimes did. He was very tired, and after he had eaten of the food which he found prepared, he lay down and slept soundly. It was late the next morning when he awoke, but his wife was still absent. He was now somewhat alarmed and hurried to the lodge of his mother-in-law, where he found the children, and was told that late in the afternoon before Dove had left them, stating that she was going out to pick some black-

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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berries for her husband's supper and that Hawk's mother was going with her. She had asked that the children might remain until morning as she might not be home until some time after dark. Her mother had, therefore, not been uneasy on her account.

Hawk now hurried to the lodge of his mother and found her absent also, but her children had not been alarmed, as they supposed she had remained over night with Dove.

Greatly alarmed, Hawk now returned to his lodge, caught up his weapons, and, without waiting for anything to eat, for indeed he had no desire for food, started for the berry patch, which was more than a mile from the village. He did not approach it directly, for he knew the women had either been killed, maimed by wild animals or

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## **DOVE CAPTURED**

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men, or were now prisoners. If the latter, he suspected they might still be in or near the thicket, being held by their captors in the hope that upon being missed, either Hawk alone or with but few of the Osages might come in search of them, and that by lying in ambush, some scalps might be secured. He, therefore, made a wide detour and approached the berry patch through a dense thicket. He moved slowly and with great caution, inspecting every inch of the ground as he proceeded for traces of either the women or an enemy. As he slowly circled the patch, he had gone nearly half-round when he discovered the moccasin prints of the women. The impression of Dove's small foot was plainly visible in a soft spot, and Hawk's heart came into his mouth as he thought of her love and that he might never see her again.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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With bow and arrow in hand, he slowly followed the trail marked by the bushes they had broken down in forcing their way through the briars to reach the largest and sweetest berries.

Soon he came to a spot where the bushes were much trampled and there were other evidences of a severe struggle; but he was glad to find no blood. At one side, however, lay the bark baskets in which the women had been gathering berries. One of them, which he recognized as belonging to Dove, had been nearly full, but most of the berries had fallen out when it had been dropped in the struggle. Near this he found, almost concealed under some leaves, a small copper bracelet which he had given his wife at the time of their marriage. It had either been torn from her arm in her capture, or, as he was inclined to believe,

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## **DOVE CAPTURED**

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she had found opportunity to secrete it, as a clue by which he might trace her. ,

Numerous moccasin tracks in the soft ground, which, from their shape and method of manufacture were clearly Pawnee, indicated but too clearly what had happened. A party of Pawnees, in search of Osage scalps, had been concealed in the thicket, perhaps for days, and failing to find an opportunity to kill a warrior, had crept upon the two women while they were picking berries, and had carried them off as prisoners.

From the appearance of the moccasin tracks and broken bushes, as well as from the small quantity of berries which seemed to have been gathered, Hawk was of the opinion that the capture had been effected soon after the arrival of the women at the berry patch.

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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Now he began eagerly to trace the marauders. At first, there was no attempt at concealing the trail; the bushes being trampled down by the moccasined feet, made a path easy to follow. In places Hawk plainly saw the impressions of Dove's feet and those of his mother. Both were deep, showing that the women had been forcibly dragged along. When he reached the more open ground, however, beyond the briars, all traces of the women suddenly ceased and he began to fear they had been killed and searched some time for the bodies.

He found, too, that while at first he could distinguish the tracks of several Pawnees, now he could find but one, or, at most, two imprints of the feet of men. Finally coming to a piece of soft ground several yards across, he discovered that the Pawnees had

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## **DOVE CAPTURED**

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proceeded in single file, each stepping exactly in the tracks of the one who had preceded him, the one with the largest foot bringing up the rear. He was sure also that the women had been carried across this soft place to prevent their tracks from showing, for the footprints of the rear man or men were deep, as if carrying a load.

Again Hawk feared an ambush and made a wide detour from the trail, but as he circled he struck it again a mile or more distant and still going in the same direction as at first; and now he was satisfied that both women were again walking but were compelled to step in the tracks of those who had gone before, and the rear man with the large feet had nearly obliterated all other impressions.

The trail for the next few miles, to a point where it entered a shallow stream,

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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was not hard to follow; but here it was completely lost, the rocky bottom having retained no impression of footsteps.

After an examination, Hawk was sure they had not crossed, but had waded in the stream; which direction, however, was a puzzle. He entered it and waded up for a long distance and then down, closely inspecting the banks upon both sides, but could find no traces showing the party had passed. As he was wading slowly up again to the starting point, he saw on the bottom the bright end of a freshly broken twig the leaves of which had caught under a stone. He examined it and was satisfied that it had recently been broken from a bush, and, as it was hard wood, he concluded that it had been broken off by a human hand. A few rods further he found another, lodged against a bunch of willows growing in the

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## **DOVE CAPTURED**

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stream, and a short distance above, where the trail had entered the stream, he found a third. All was now clear. The party had gone up stream, and, as the Pawnees would not thus mark their trail in an enemy's country, he concluded that Dove or his mother must have silently broken off and dropped these branches as they waded up the stream, knowing that he would surely follow and that these would guide him.

He now pushed rapidly up the creek observing both banks with a practised eye, and when he had gone about half a mile beyond the point of his first exploration, he came suddenly upon the body of his mother. She lay partly in the stream and a small twig in her hand, freshly broken from a bush, revealed the reason for her death; a Pawnee warrior had caught her in the act of thus marking the trail and had thrust

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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her through with his spear. That she had not died without a struggle, was apparent from the fact that the shaft of the spear was broken, and, as this had rendered it temporarily useless, the warrior had left the weapon in the body. A tomahawk had also been sunken into her head and the scalp was gone.

For a moment, Indian as he was, the tears stood in Hawk's eyes. He had fondly loved his mother who had always been kind to him, and she had doubly endeared herself by taking Dove to her heart as a daughter upon his marriage. He stood for a moment dumb with horror and grief; then grinding his teeth with rage, he gently removed the spear and laid it on one side. He carried the body to a small ditch or wash, in which he laid it tenderly and covered it first with brush and then with stones

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## **DOVE CAPTURED**

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as large as he could carry, in order to protect it from the wolves until he might return and give it proper burial. He concealed the bloody spear where he could readily find it again, drew his belt tighter, grasped his weapons and again hurried up the stream.

He soon found where the Pawnees had left the water, as, after killing the woman, they had made no effort to conceal their trail but had pushed on with all speed in the direction of the Pawnee country.

After leaving the stream a few miles behind, Hawk found that the party holding Dove still as a captive, had been joined by a large number of warriors, the tracks indicating fifty or more, and despairing of being able to overtake them or to rescue his wife if he should do so, he reluctantly abandoned the pursuit and turned sadly

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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toward the Osage village, that he might procure help to bring in the body of his mother.

On reaching the village he found that his father, who had unexpectedly returned from a hunt in the afternoon, had with a small party followed Hawk's trail, found the body of Ang-pah-o, and returned with it to the village. The wail of the women for the dead reached his ears long before he entered the village.

The next morning Hawk brought from the place where he had concealed it, the spear with which his mother had been killed. The head was a fine one, being made of flint. It was about six inches long and two wide, terminating in a sharp point and the edges were very thin and sharp. When he had cleaned the shaft or handle, Hawk knew from the owner's private mark,

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## **DOVE CAPTURED**

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which an Indian generally had on all his weapons, that it was the property of Haw-che-ke-sug-ga, the man who kills Osages. This Pawnee warrior had well earned his name by his undying hatred against Hawk's tribe. It was well known that Killer of Osages seldom took prisoners upon the war-path, but when he did it was only for the purpose of taking their lives by the most horrid tortures upon return to the Pawnee village.

A chill struck to Hawk's heart when he discovered the mark, as he thought of his mother's death and Dove a prisoner in the hands of such a foe, but he shut his teeth hard and vowed to the spirit of his mystery bag and the spirit of the Wakanda Spring that he would kill that Pawnee with this same spear or lose his own life in the attempt.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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He left the stains of his mother's blood upon the head, but made for it a new shaft.

It happened that at the time of this raid by the Pawnees but few Osages were at the village. The great body of hunters and warriors, accompanied by many of the women, had a few days before, started upon the fall buffalo hunt on the distant plains beyond the Arkansas River, and few were left in the village but the children, the old and sick and a sufficient number of able-bodied men to guard the village from attack by a hostile tribe. The Pawnee party had doubtless learned of this and it had emboldened them to venture so near the village. Under such conditions, it was impossible for Hawk to organize a party to attempt the rescue of Dove.

Some of his friends advised him that he might as well make up his mind to her final

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## **DOVE CAPTURED**

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loss, for while it was not the usual custom of the Pawnees to torture and kill their female prisoners, the reputation of Haw-che-ke-sug-ga was well known; and, besides, if spared, it would be to become the wife of her captor, a fate scarcely more desirable than death itself.

Hawk repelled such suggestions so fiercely that they were not offered again, but others, among whom were his father-in-law, advised that he quietly await the return of the hunters, which would be in a month or two, and then undertake to enlist the whole force of the Osages in a general war against the Pawnees, which, if it could be accomplished, might offer some chance for the rescue of his wife.

In this kind of advice Hawk found as little consolation as in the other. He did not think the tribe likely to involve itself

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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in a general war of doubtful outcome against a tribe so powerful as the Pawnees, for the sake of a woman only. He would probably be told by the Council to take another wife and forget Dove. Forget Dove! Never!

He could not bear to think of her as the wife of a Pawnee, who would be sure to abuse her, and he brooded daily over his loss, and thought of plan after plan for her rescue and revenge on account of his mother. He dreamed nightly that Dove was crying for him to rescue her, and that his mother came to his couch and asked him why he did not avenge her death.

At length it occurred to Hawk to visit again the Wakanda Spring and solicit the aid of the powerful spirit who had cured Dove of the dangerous illness. He made

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## **DOVE CAPTURED**

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the visit; sacrificing and fasting five days as before, and each night he dreamed that his wife was safe at home in his lodge. The last morning he saw a bone rise in the swamp as before, and he was comforted and encouraged, for he believed this to be an indication that the spirit had been favorably impressed by his offerings and would aid him in the recovery of his wife and the revenge so dear to his heart. He returned to the village and was no longer moody and depressed. He greeted each with a pleasant word and smile and often played with his children, assuring them that their mother would soon return. He busied himself with hunting and dried the meat he secured until he had as much as he could well carry.

One evening he made up a large package of parched corn and dried meat, and with



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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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all his weapons, including Osage Killer's spear, left the village soon after dark, without telling any one where he was going.

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## A WAR PARTY OF ONE

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### CHAPTER XII

#### A WAR PARTY OF ONE

THE principal village of the Pawnees was situated close to the Kaw River, not far from the present site of Junction City, Kansas. It was large and populous, for the Pawnees were a powerful tribe, warlike in their habits and cruel in their warfare.

They had maintained possession of that locality for many years, and, although it had often been attempted, no tribe had been able to drive them from their hunting grounds.

Their dwellings were, for the most part, ti-pis, made of poles tied together near the tops, elevated and then spread apart at the

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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bottom and covered with buffalo hides from which the hair had been removed, and which were cut and sewed to fit as a cover, a hole being left at the top for the escape of smoke; but they had also winter earth-lodges, built much like those of the Osages.

On the fertile bottom lands near by, the women cultivated corn, beans, melons, pumpkins and tobacco.

In one of these skin ti-pis lived the unhappy Dove. On the return of the party which captured her, she had been submitted to great indignities, and then taken as a wife by Haw-che-ke-sug-ga, the very warrior who had killed her mother-in-law. His own wife had recently died, by reason of his cruel treatment, as was generally supposed, and Dove was alone in the ti-pi when he was absent. He treated her very cruelly,

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## A WAR PARTY OF ONE

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frequently striking her with his fist or a rawhide whip. He was a powerful man physically, and stood high in the tribe on account of his prowess in battle and his sagacity in council, but his disposition was low and brutal. When Dove thought of the great kindness with which Hawk had always treated her, she felt that she would some day kill her Pawnee husband while he slept, but the hopelessness of her fate in that event, death by the most cruel tortures, deterred her from such an attempt at this time, and, besides, she felt sure that Hawk would find some means to rescue her. She, therefore, quietly submitted to Haw-che-ke-sug-ga without apparent resentment, and endeavored to avoid blows by anticipating his wishes and prompt obedience to all his commands; but when he was absent, she often sat with her face in her hands, think-

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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ing of Hawk and her two children and her happy home in the distant Osage village.

Several weeks after the capture of Dove, a Pawnee who had gone alone upon a hunting trip, failed to return. At first it was thought he might have gone to one of the other villages of the tribe, but on inquiry it was learned that he had indeed stopped at one on a return visit to a friend who had accompanied him to within sight of his own village and left him shortly after dark. His friends were alarmed and search was made for him in every direction. No trace of him was found, however; nor were any signs of an enemy discovered, and the more superstitious suggested that he must have been carried off by some powerful spirit. Before this belief became general, however, another warrior disappeared, and, again, this one had been seen a little before dark

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## **A WAR PARTY OF ONE**

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approaching the village and not far from it. In less than a week a third mysterious disappearance was reported, and every able-bodied man turned out to search for the hidden enemy; but, as before, no sign of an enemy was to be found, nor was there the slightest sign to indicate what had become of the missing warriors.

After this no hunter would start out alone, but when two who had gone together failed to return, the mystery was so deep that the whole superstitious tribe trembled with terror and the medicine-men began incantations to drive away the evil spirit which seemed determined to destroy the whole tribe. Every night the sound of the medicine-drum could be heard in the Council House, and when a week now passed without indications of the mysterious and vindictive enemy, all began to breathe

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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freely, the medicine-men boasted that their powerful incantations had driven away the evil spirit, and a feast was held to celebrate their victory. That very night a visitor from a neighboring village who had attended the feast, failed to reach his home, less than a mile away, and again terror entered every heart.

After the first two or three disappearances, Dove made up her mind that Hawk was somewhere in the neighborhood, and was probably the cause of them, but she could not imagine how he had so successfully concealed all traces of his presence and how he could have disposed of the bodies of his victims. Dove was more than usually religious, or perhaps we should call it superstitious, even for an Indian, and as she had great confidence in the power of the spirit concealed in Hawk's mystery bag,

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## A WAR PARTY OF ONE

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she finally concluded that it had given him the power of not only becoming invisible himself, but also of thus concealing all signs of his presence. She gloried in the revenge he was thus taking, but was careful to conceal from her Pawnee husband any signs of her delight; instead, she manifested the utmost horror and fear of the mysterious and destructive spirit.

She waited breathlessly every morning to learn whether his vengeance had fallen again during the night, but she trembled when she thought of the terrible torture to which he would be subjected by the Pawnees, if they could lay hands on him.

She did not doubt that at the proper time he would give her a signal to join him in an attempt to escape to their own village, and, in anticipation of this, she prepared

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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and secreted a large package of parched corn and dried meat.

It was indeed Hawk who had been this mysterious spirit of death, and who had already taken such terrible revenge for the death of his mother and the abduction of his wife. When he left home he made his way to the vicinity of the Pawnee village, travelling only at night and remaining concealed in deep ravines and impenetrable thickets during the day. One night, or nearly morning, he reached the immediate vicinity of the main Pawnee village and began to approach it cautiously. Just below the town the River Kaw made a sharp bend, cutting deeply into the limestone bluff. The water was very deep, but the current was not swift. Hawk was wading through the water near the shore in the shadow of the high bluff, when suddenly

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## A WAR PARTY OF ONE

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he plunged into a deep hole. He went under and when he came to the surface, was surprised to find that he could not see the sky or either shore, and that the dim lights of the village, visible a moment before, had disappeared. A short distance above his head he could feel a rocky roof, the cavity seemed narrow as he could reach it with his hands on either side, but when he let himself down in the water, it seemed of unfathomable depth. He now swam toward the interior of the cavern and in a few strokes found that he could touch the bottom, which now rapidly sloped upward until it was out of water. He crawled into a small cave whose floor was covered to the depth of several inches with dry sand. The air seemed pure, but it was too dark to ascertain much in regard to its size or whether it was frequented by the Indians. After

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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crawling over the floor and finding no bones, sticks or other evidences of prior occupants, Hawk, who was very tired, ate a small quantity of the parched corn and dried meat still remaining of his store, then stretched himself upon the sand and slept soundly. When he awoke, late in the morning, he found himself in a roughly circular cavern about ten feet in diameter, through one side of which the light entered by means of several crevices in the bluff, of which the rock formed a part. After a careful examination, he found that the cavern had no other opening large enough for entrance than that under water by which he had entered it; and, as there were no signs of former occupancy by human beings, he concluded that its existence was unknown to the Pawnees.

**Hawk lay all day upon the sandy floor**

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## **A WAR PARTY OF ONE**

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of his cave. Part of the time he slept, and afterwards he long and earnestly considered a plan of operations. The discovery of this place of refuge would now affect him materially. Up to this time he had no very definite plan, except to reach the Pawnee village at night, and, if he could find Dove, strike down whoever might oppose him and escape with her or die bravely in the attempt, for he did not care to live longer without her. Now, he reflected, that with this refuge wholly unknown to the Pawnees, and almost within their village, he would have a vantage ground from which he might take his time to work out, not only the sure rescue of his wife, but a revenge also, so delectable that he rubbed his hands and smiled as he thought of it, and his plan was at once formed.

**It was from this cave then, that Hawk**

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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had gone forth at night, found his victims, and returned before day. Each body he had carried to the river and then conveyed to the cave, so that no blood was found and no traces of the victim or avenger.

The first Pawnee was killed on the night after his arrival and almost at the very edge of the village. Hawk heard his approach as he came carelessly along the path from his visit in the neighboring town, and advanced to meet him, giving a friendly grunt when about to pass, and then struck the unsuspecting Indian on the head with his tomahawk. One blow was sufficient. The man made no outcry, and Hawk carried the body down a stony path to the river and conveyed it to his cave. There he stripped it, taking the moccasins for his own use that his track, if seen, might not inform the Pawnees that an Osage was in the neigh-

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## **A WAR PARTY OF ONE**

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borhood. To still further complete his disguise, he skinned the whole head of the Pawnee, instead of scalping him, that he might wear the skin over his short Osage locks, drawing his side hair on front of his shoulders, in the Pawnee fashion. If in the darkness he should meet any one whom it might be inconvenient to attack, this disguise might enable him to pass unchallenged. In his excursions thereafter he wore the disguise and more than once escaped detection on account of it.

All his victims were killed in the immediate vicinity of the village, and he disposed of the bodies, after taking them to his cave and scalping them, by tying a heavy stone to each with the victim's own belt and strips of clothing and then pushing them into the deep hole at the entrance of his cave, where they sank to the bottom of

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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the river. On several of them he found small quantities of food, and once or twice he ventured far enough into the village to steal some dried meat which was hanging on a brush frame. He found also a few ears of corn still ungathered in the fields near the village. These, with what was left of the food he brought with him, were sufficient to sustain his strength.

These night prowlings about the village were mostly for the purpose of locating Dove, if alive, of which he had little doubt.

One night he carefully approached a ti-pi which was near a ravine at one side of the village, and when near it he heard a noise of scolding in a man's voice and the sound of blows as if some one was being beaten. He crept close and through a rip in the skin covering, he saw a sight which enraged him greatly. Haw-che-ke-sug-ga was slap-

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## A WAR PARTY OF ONE

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ping and scolding a woman, and in the dim light of the coals in the center of the hut, he saw plainly that the woman was Dove. She seemed to be well, but looked dejected and thin as though very unhappy. Hawk grasped the Pawnee spear, which he always carried, and made a step forward determined to enter the ti-pi, kill the Indian who was abusing her and carry Dove away at once; but in time he reflected that while his wife was suffering, her life did not seem to be in danger, and, besides, his revenge was not yet complete. If he should undertake her rescue at this time, Haw-che-ke-sug-ga, whom he recognized at once, would surely give the alarm, he would be surrounded, captured and tortured to death, while Dove would remain and his expedition be a failure after all. He could not remain within sound of her suffering, how-

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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ever, and retired at once to his cave, where he thought long and deeply.

He had already secured a number of scalps and now if he could obtain that of her Pawnee husband, his revenge would be satisfied and he would, after the rescue of his wife, be ready to return to the Osage country.

Before morning his plan was completely formed, but as it involved the accumulation of a considerable supply of food, he started early the next evening and made his way directly south all night as far as he could travel. He lay concealed during the day and the next night went south again all night. In the morning, concluding that he was far enough from the Pawnee country to be beyond danger, he killed a deer, kindled a fire in a secluded place, and, after he had satisfied his now ravenous hunger,

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## **A WAR PARTY OF ONE**

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dried the remainder of the meat. The next morning he killed another and spent that day and the next in drying the flesh, which he cut in thin strips for the purpose.

With the meat tightly packed in a part of the hide of one of the animals, he made his way back to the cave, travelling at night, as before.

The next night he again prowled around the village and thoroughly perfected his plan.

The following night proved to be dark and a slow, chilly rain was falling. Haw-che-ke-sug-ga was less abusive to Dove than usual. She had cooked him an excellent supper which he had eaten, in what was for him high good humor, and after his smoke had laid his pipe down beside the fire in the center of the ti-pi and retired to his couch of skins at one side. Dove pot-

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**HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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tered around the fire for a few minutes, scraping together the coals and placing over them the pottery vessel containing the succotash that it might cook a little more for the morning meal, and then on demand of the Pawnee, she lay down beside him. She was feeling quite depressed. There had been no mysterious disappearances for several days and she feared that something had happened to Hawk or that he had become discouraged and had given up all thought of her rescue. As she lay there looking at the fire and thinking these sad thoughts, an Indian in Pawnee dress, as to hair and general appearance, slouched into the ti-pi, gave a friendly grunt and squatted by the food. He took up a horn spoon and dipped it into the succotash again and again, making a good meal. After eating he picked up the Pawnee's pipe, which was

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## A WAR PARTY OF ONE

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nearly full of tobacco, and took a comfortable smoke.

When the Indian first entered, Dove said to the husband beside her: "Who is the stranger?" Haw-che-ke-sug-ga turned partly over that he might see him, and then said: "Some one from a neighboring village, I suppose." "But he is eating our food," said Dove. "Well, let him eat; I suppose he is hungry," replied the Pawnee, as he turned over and soon began to snore.

To Dove there was something strangely familiar about the man at the fire, and but for the long hair she would have taken him for Hawk, so she sat up in the bed and watched his actions.

When the strange Indian had eaten and was lighting his pipe, he blew upon the live coal at the end of the stick he had taken up for the purpose and in its light turned

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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his face squarely toward Dove, at the same time making the sign "I am Osage," by passing his right hand from his forehead to the top of his head, as though rubbing the crest of short hair worn by the Osage warriors. Dove recognized her husband at once and rapidly returned the sign. She kept quite still, although her heart was beating so loudly she thought the man at her side must hear it. Her eyes were fixed on Hawk and she held herself ready to second any move he might make, for she felt that now was the time he had selected to attempt her rescue.

Soon her Pawnee husband began to breathe deeply and then to snore loudly. As soon as it was apparent that he was soundly asleep, Hawk arose silently to his feet with a spear in his hand, and, crouching low, approached the bed. He bent

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## A WAR PARTY OF ONE

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above the sleeper for a moment to ascertain exactly the position of the broad naked breast, then, rising to his full height, plunged the spear with all his force into the body. At the same moment Dove placed one hand over the mouth of the Pawnee and grasped his throat with the other with all her strength, to prevent his making any outcry. The warrior made two or three convulsive struggles and then lay perfectly still, for he was dead. His own spear had passed entirely through his body and into the ground, pinning him fast.

Hawk made no attempt to withdraw the spear, but drew his knife to remove the scalp. Dove caught hold of the knife and made a sign that she wanted it. Hawk yielded it to her, and she scalped the Pawnee herself. Not so expertly, perhaps, as her husband would have done; but she did

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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it, and, at a sign from him, hung it at her belt.

Hawk now peered cautiously from the door of the ti-pi and found no one in sight. The rain was keeping the villagers within doors. Dove picked up her robe and crept from the tent after her husband, stopping to secure the package of dried meat and corn she had secreted. In a moment they reached the edge of the ravine and to prevent any possible traces of her moccasins being seen, Hawk carried her down to the river, where they entered the water, and in a few minutes both were safely within the shelter of the cave.

They lay with their arms around each other all night, but each had too much to tell the other to think of sleep. Dove's first inquiry was about the babies, and when told that they were both well, as were also her

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## **A WAR PARTY OF ONE**

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father and mother, when her husband left the Osage village, she snuggled herself in his arms like a lost bird that has found its nest and listened to the story of his adventures.

When he had concluded, she said: "Mr. Hawk, you may say what you please, but you never could have accomplished all these things if you had not been aided by the spirit in your mystery bag. The spirit of the spring may have helped also, but I think your mystery bag is your great medicine." Hawk did not dispute her assertion, for he felt that he must have been aided by some superhuman power; but he was inclined to think the spirit of the spring had either made the cave for his use or had lead him to its discovery, but he was too happy to tell Dove what he thought about it.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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### **CHAPTER XIII**

#### **A DANGEROUS POSITION**

**E**ARLY next morning Hawk and Dove heard frantic yells in the direction of the village, which indicated that some early caller at the ti-pi of The-One-Who-Kills-Osages had discovered the body of that renowned warrior. They knew that the absence of Dove and the finding in the body of the Pawnee his own spear with which he had killed the Osage woman, would at once inform them that the mysterious spirit to whom they had attributed the disappearance of so many of the tribe, was, in fact, an Osage warrior. They knew, too, that all the energy of every warrior of the Pawnee tribe would be put

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## A DANGEROUS POSITION

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forth to kill or capture the perpetrator of these murders, and that death by the most horrible torture awaited them both, if captured.

Hundreds of the most expert trackers and swiftest runners of the tribe would scour every inch of the ground around the village for many miles, and a large war-party would proceed at once toward the Osage country. To now attempt to reach their village, would for Hawk and Dove, mean certain capture.

This gave them little concern, however. They were comfortably situated with no fear of discovery; had food sufficient for a number of days, and, better than all else, they had each other; so they remained quietly in the cave, sleeping soundly at night and talking in whispers or sleeping during the day.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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They smiled at each other when they heard from time to time the yells of disappointed rage which announced the unsuccessful return of one searching party after another.

Hawk did not venture to leave the cave, for he had no intention of imperilling his present security by any rash adventure which might by chance reveal him to his enemies.

Thus more than a week passed and the village had settled down to its usual quiet. The large war-party which had gone toward the Osage villages was still absent, but it was known that nothing had yet been accomplished by it, as otherwise, runners would have returned to announce their success. Most of the other searchers had returned, however, and their failure to discover any trace of the fugitives would have

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## **A DANGEROUS POSITION**

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revived the spirit theory but for the fact of the very material spear with which the last victim had been killed and the absence of the scalp from his body. As it was, quite a number argued that the Osage warrior had made such powerful medicine that he had compelled the spirits to carry him away through the air that he might leave no traces.

Hawk now began to think of leaving his refuge and attempting to reach the Osage country before their supply of food should be exhausted, and was only waiting for favorable conditions.

One evening closed in with a terrible storm which threatened to last all night, so, soon after dark, their small stock of food was made into a package and lashed upon Dove's shoulders, while Hawk placed the bundle containing his wife's robe and his

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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own weapons on his. They dived through the entrance of the cave into the river and swam down for a long distance close to the shore under the bluff, that they might escape the observation of any village guard who might remain on duty in spite of the storm.

When they finally landed it was on the opposite side of the river, and instead of striking out directly for the Osage country, Hawk headed for the south. He feared that on the direct route their trail might be discovered by some of the Pawnee warriors who had gone in that direction and were not yet back at the village; and he reasoned also that far to the south they might fall in with the large hunting party of Osages which was due to return to their village soon. They travelled all night, hiding in a close thicket during the next day, and after

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## A DANGEROUS POSITION

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several nights' travel, reached the waters of Walnut Creek, a stream which falls into the Arkansas River a few miles south of the present site of Arkansas City, Kansas.

Their small supply of food was now exhausted and Hawk killed a deer just at daylight. They ventured to kindle a fire with very dry wood which would make but little smoke, and in the depths of a large thicket they spent the day eating, resting, sleeping and drying a supply of meat for their further journey.

They kept on down the valley of Walnut Creek for several days and when they reached the Arkansas, crossed that river on a log at night, then kept on down its southern bank.

They were now in a region where there was little to fear from the Pawnees, so they travelled most of the day and slept at night.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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They also made fires to cook the game which Hawk killed from time to time.

After a couple of days Hawk climbed a steep bluff near which they encamped in the evening. It was just after dark, and to his surprise, he saw the light of several camp-fires about two miles further down the river. These indicated that a large party was encamped at the place, but whether of friends or foes he was unable to determine.

He reported this news to Dove and told her he hoped it might prove to be the returning Osage hunters, but as this was not certain and they might prove to be enemies, he proposed to approach the encampment near enough to ascertain who they were. He said she could remain where she was and if he did not return within a few hours, she should strike off toward the south until

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## A DANGEROUS POSITION

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she reached the waters of the Cimarron, which she should follow until it entered the Arkansas, when she would not be far from home and was acquainted with the country.

Dove usually obeyed the slightest request or suggestion from her husband, but to this proposition she strongly demurred. She said she was not going to risk losing him again and would not now lose sight of him. She declared that if he compelled her to remain she would stay until morning and if he did not return, she would march straight into the camp of the enemy and give herself up, as she would not live if he should be killed or captured by the Pawnees.

Hawk could not resist such pleading and together they started toward the fires. Their approach was slow and cautious, but they could not get near enough under cover to determine to what tribe the party be-

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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longed. They could see the forms of women as well as men around the fires, and this showed that it was not a war-party; and, from the form of some of the brush shelters, Hawk thought the people were Osages. After waiting a while and learning nothing more, he concluded that there must be scouts on the outskirts of the camp and he gave three low calls of a common night bird, repeating with two calls after a few minutes. This was a signal often employed by the Osages to communicate with a camp. After the second call he was answered by the same note from a short distance to the right. When he made the signal again a guard approached from that direction and said in a low voice, "Who is my brother?" When he gave his name the guard was astonished, and when he found Dove in his company, his wonder was great.

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## A DANGEROUS POSITION

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Without asking any questions he took them at once to the camp, where they were immediately surrounded by their friends, for it was the returning Osage hunting party upon which they had so fortunately fallen.

They were given a plentiful meal and the whole night was spent in feasting and rejoicing, for the Osage party had been informed by a runner from the village of the capture of Dove and the disappearance of Hawk, and they had given up the one as lost and the other as dead.

All danger and trouble was now over. In a few days they reached the village and Dove clasped her children in her arms.

On the evening after his return Hawk related his story at the Council meeting, and nearly earned the reputation of being a great liar, but when he exhibited eight Pawnee scalps and told them that Dove had

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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that of Haw-che-ke-sug-ga, The-Killer-of-Osages, which she had taken herself, a grand scalp dance was ordered by the Council for the succeeding two nights, at which Hawk was to be the guest of honor the first night and Dove the second. It was also ordered that in consideration of the part Dove had taken in the killing and scalping of Haw-che-ke-sug-ga, she might carry his scalp in the dance, wear a red feather with a notch in it in her hair, and relate her story at the dance like a warrior; an honor never before conferred upon an Osage woman.

The first night of the scalp dance Hawk was compelled to relate over and over again, in words and pantomime, the story of his adventures from the time Dove was missed until the meeting with the hunting party on the banks of the Arkansas River.

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## A DANGEROUS POSITION

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He was cheered to the echo as he described the killing of each Pawnee warrior, and the audience went wild with laughter when, after relating his meeting with his first victim, he drew forth the skin from the head of that unfortunate Pawnee, adjusted it over his own short locks with the long hair on each side of his shoulders and showed them how he afterwards personated a Pawnee. When he told how he had entered the ti-pi of Haw-che-ke-sug-ga, eaten his food, smoked his pipe and then killed him with his own spear—the one which had been found in the body of Hawk's mother—of the part played by Dove in the final tragedy, every warrior yelled until his voice was gone.

The next night Dove had an ovation. She appeared in her best clothes and all the ornaments she and her mother possessed,

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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and nearly every woman in the tribe offered her the loan of ornaments that she might do honor to her sex and the occasion.

When the time came for her to appear alone in the center of the circle, she was a little timid at first, but when she glanced at Hawk and saw the proud light in his eyes, all her courage returned.

She told the story of the capture of herself and her mother-in-law in the berry patch and of the efforts made by both to mark the trail, for she had indeed dropped the copper bracelet when first captured for that very purpose as Hawk had conjectured. She related the death of the elder woman when detected in breaking and dropping twigs, and of the indignities and cruelties she had endured while on the march and after her arrival at the Pawnee village. By this time she had forgotten her bashfulness

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## **A DANGEROUS POSITION**

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and her voice was loud and shrill, for it seemed to her these scenes were being enacted over again. The responses of the spectators to this part of the story were howls of rage. She told of being taken as a wife by Haw-che-ke-sug-ga, his cruelty and her submission on account of the hopelessness of her situation, although with hatred in her heart.

She told of the consternation of the Pawnees when the mysterious disappearances began and their horror as they continued; but she said she was sure all the time it was Hawk, for there never was so brave and smart a man as her husband, and that soon after the disappearance of the first victim, she began to conceal food and went about with a joyful heart, being sure he would finally rescue her.

She told of his bravery in entering the

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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ti-pi of her Pawnee husband, and making the Osage sign to her when he lighted the pipe, and how she held herself in readiness to aid him, if necessary, in the final tragedy; and she held up the scalp of The-Killer-of-Osages and screamed out that the happiest moment of her life was when she grasped her oppressor by the throat to prevent his outcry and felt his life go out under her hand.

At the conclusion of her narrative shout after shout went up, and this time it was the women who made themselves hoarse.

This festival was long known in Osage tradition as "The Woman's Scalp Dance."

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**WHITE MEN**

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**CHAPTER XIV****WHITE MEN**

THE next spring after Dove's capture, Hawk, who wanted some summer hides and skins of buffalo calves, accompanied a small hunting party to the plains west of the Arkansas River, in search of them.

Other Indians had been before them, however, and had driven the buffaloes away. The party followed up the South Fork of the Canadian River far to the west, and when in what is now known as the Pan-Handle of Texas, they were surprised by a large band of Comanches. The Osages, as usual, fought bravely but were greatly outnumbered; many of their war-

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**HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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riors were killed and the survivors made a hasty retreat, leaving Hawk and one or two others in the hands of the enemy as prisoners. The other Osage prisoners, being dangerously wounded, were at once killed and scalped by the Comanches, but Hawk, who had only been stunned, was carried with them, they intending to take him to their village for adoption when the hunt was completed.

The returned Osages assured Dove that she was a widow, as they were sure the Comanches would put Hawk to death, but this she refused to believe, and asserted that her husband was so smart he was sure to escape and return home. The summer wore away, however, and when the fall came and no Hawk, she about gave up all hope and was on the point of going into mourning for him in Osage fashion, by cutting off her

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## **WHITE MEN**

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hair and gashing her breasts and limbs; but she could not bear to give up all hope, and so the mourning was deferred.

In the spring of 1540, an expedition under the command of Vazquez de Coronado, left Mexico, then called New Spain, to conquer the seven cities of Cibola, in what is now New Mexico and Arizona. Friar Marcos de Niza had visited the region about a year before and claimed to have seen one or two of the cities from a mountain top. He said they were walled and fortified, and contained great quantities of gold, silver and precious stones. According to his statement, gold was so plentiful that the inhabitants used it in the manufacture of vessels, for domestic use as well as for making ornaments, and had no knowledge of its value.

So much gold had recently been found in

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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Peru by Pizarro that the story of Friar Marcos was regarded as undoubtedly true, and a force of about two hundred and fifty horsemen and as many foot, with perhaps an equal number of Mexican Indians, started from Culican in New Spain in April, 1540, to explore the country far to the northeast, conquer these wonderful cities, subjecting them to the dominion of the Spanish king, and to spoil the temples and pillage the inhabitants.

This small army encountered great hardships in its march across the barren deserts of Arizona, but finally reached the Cibola cities, which they found to be merely the communal house of various Pueblo tribes, the ancestors of our Zuni and Hopi Indians.

After a few battles in which the Indians found their arrows and spears were harmless against the iron armor of the horsemen

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## **WHITE MEN**

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who rode them down without regard to their feeble weapons, and that the muskets of the foot soldiers were far superior to their own arms, they submitted and agreed to acknowledge the king of Spain as their ruler; but the victors were greatly surprised to find neither gold nor silver, and to learn that the Indians had no knowledge of such metals, while the only things resembling precious stones were turquoises, which were somewhat abundant, and were used by the Cibola people as ornaments.

A small party was sent out to explore the buffalo plains east of the Pueblo region, and on its return, the army went into winter quarters, driving the Indians from their pueblos and using these.

Food was quite plentiful, for those Indians cultivated corn and several vegetables, and game abounded in the mountains.

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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During the winter Coronado purchased from one of the Shoshonean tribes, whose territory lay north and east of the Pueblos and extended into the buffalo plains, a Pawnee who was a prisoner among them. To this Indian the Spaniards gave the name of The Turk. He soon found that what the Spaniards most desired was gold, and hoping to induce them to carry him back toward his own country and that he would then find an opportunity to escape, he told them, through an interpreter, marvellous stories of a country far to the east which he said was called Quivira. He said gold and silver existed there in wonderful quantities, so plentiful, indeed, that the inhabitants would be obliged to them if they would take some of it away.

Taking The Turk for a guide, Coronado left the Pueblo region in April, 1541, and

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## **WHITE MEN**

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marched toward the east in search of Quivira. They followed down the South Fork of the Canadian, and after several weeks' journey, they fell in with the hunting party of Comanches who held Hawk as a prisoner. They were easily persuaded to sell him to the Spaniards for a few trinkets. The Comanches were unable to tell Coronado anything about Quivira, and said they had never heard of it, but that their prisoner was from the east and might know something in regard to the rich country of which the Spaniards were in search. Hawk did not confirm the stories told by The Turk, but said there was no such country to the east; simply buffalo plains, the inhabitants of which lived, for the most part, in skin tents, engaging but little in agriculture, and he had never before heard of either gold or silver. He was shown

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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some coins and declared he had never seen either of the metals before. Being confronted with The Turk, he recognized him as a Pawnee, and boldly told him that he was a liar.

Hawk was named Yosepte by the Spaniards, and on hearing his story The Turk was put to the torture and confessed that all he had told them was untrue, but that about a month's journey to the north was a people who had permanent houses, engaged largely in agriculture, and he had been told, had plenty of gold and silver.

The enraged Spaniards put The Turk to death, permitting Hawk to act as his executioner and to take his scalp as a trophy, and Coronado, sending all his army but thirty horsemen back to the Pueblo country, mounted Hawk for a guide and with these made the journey north to the Indian vil-

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## **WHITE MEN**

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lages in the neighborhood of where the city of Topcka, Kansas, now stands. He found the inhabitants simply plain Indians, as Hawk had stated, and totally unacquainted with the precious metals. After a few weeks' rest at these villages, he turned back to join his army at the Cibola cities, and shortly after returned to Mexico.

Hawk was well treated by the Spaniards, who made him numerous presents of silver coins, small crosses of the same metal and other trinkets, and, when on his way to the Pueblos, Coronado reached the Arkansas River at Great Bend, he set Hawk free, making him a present of some gold coins, a sword and a fine dagger with a jewelled hilt on which was engraved the name of "Vazquez de Coronado."

During his stay of some months with the Spaniards, Hawk had learned a good deal

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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of their language. Friar Juan de Padilla, a priest who had accompanied the Coronado expedition in the search for Quivira, was very anxious for Hawk's conversion to Christianity, and tried many times to explain to him the mysteries of that religion. Hawk, who was good-natured and was kindly treated, desired to please the priest, and, without understanding in the least the nature of the ceremony, agreed that the good Padre might baptize him. He was greatly awed and somewhat mystified by the solemn ceremony, which was performed in the presence of all the company. The priest wrote and gave him a certificate of baptism under the name of Yosepte, made him a present of his own rosary having a golden crucifix with a figure of Christ thereon, and taught him to repeat the Pater Noster in Latin and to pray by the use of

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## **WHITE MEN**

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the beads. Hawk knew absolutely nothing of the religion the good Padre tried to teach him, but he regarded the rosary as belonging to the powerful and mysterious medicine of the white man, and he frequently repeated the Pater Noster, regarding it as "great medicine."

When released by the Spaniards, Hawk made his way down the Arkansas River, travelling mostly at night, until he reached the territory of his own tribe. When he reached home, he found Dove, as has been related, about to go into mourning for him. She was now nearly beside herself with joy at her husband's return as one from the dead, but again she attributed his preservation to the all powerful mystery bag.

It was soon noised through the village that Hawk had returned, and the lodge filled with visitors who came to hear the

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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marvels he related. He exhibited his presents and told them of the wonderful white men with hair on their faces. Most of his stories were so incredible that had it not been for the weapons, coins and trinkets he exhibited in corroboration, he would have been pronounced a first-class liar. As it was, they did not fully believe his story about sticks that spat out fire, made a noise like thunder and killed buffaloes at the distance of several bow-shots; but when he told them of horses, large animals upon which men rode and which could outrun a buffalo, and averred that he had ridden upon one for several weeks, it is doubtful if he was fully believed by any but Dove, to whom he was infallible. Hawk attempted to draw a picture of a horse with charcoal on a skin, and from this and his description, his auditors concluded that the animal was

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## **WHITE MEN**

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some kind of a large dog, and they ever afterwards spoke of them as sun-ka wa-kan-da, or mysterious dogs.

Hawk was only permitted to enjoy a rest of a few days, for events soon happened which called him from the village; and all the Osages were soon to learn much in regard to both white men and horses.

A few days after Hawk's return, a large hunting party of Osages returned from an expedition to the east and reported that a party of several hundred white men was approaching, and that they had been in battle with them. They confirmed all of Hawk's statements in regard to the armor, guns, and horses of these invaders.

In the battle which ensued when the Osages and whites met, a number of Indians had been killed and they, in turn, had taken the scalps of several stragglers, but,

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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as their numbers had been greatly inferior to those of the invaders, they had hastily returned to the village, bringing with them one prisoner, whose strange conduct had led them to believe he was insane, and, therefore, under the protection of the spirits and not to be harmed.

A Council was called immediately and it was ordered that messengers be sent at once to all the Osage villages, calling out every able-bodied warrior to assist in repelling these invaders.

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**HERNANDO DE SOTO**

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**CHAPTER XV****HERNANDO DE SOTO**

**I**N the spring of 1539, Hernando de Soto sailed from Havana, Cuba, with a force of five hundred and seventy men and two hundred and thirty-three horses, to explore the country north of the Gulf of Mexico, then called Florida. He expected to discover large and populous cities in which it was supposed gold and silver were used in great quantities. He landed in Tampa Bay on the west coast of the peninsula of Florida, and marched first north, then west and south.

When Cortez invaded Mexico, its inhabitants regarded the Spaniards as supernatural beings and were inclined to worship

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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them as gods. They at first thought a horse and his rider a mysterious complex or compound animal. The iron armor of the horsemen, impervious to their weapons, confused them and the noise of the guns rendered them frantic with terror. So much were they influenced by their superstitious dread that had it not been for the cruelty of the invaders which forced a war, they would have submitted to the Spaniards without a battle.

De Soto found, however, in the Muscohegan tribes that inhabited the country through which he marched, a very different kind of Indians. They were superstitious also, but they feared only spirits or supernatural beings; nothing in the shape of man could terrify them. They soon learned that a horse was only a domestic animal larger than a dog and that an arrow would kill it.

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## **HERNANDO DE SOTO**

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The noise of an arquebus frightened them at first, but they soon discovered that the white men were not very good marksmen, and that to destroy them they had but to hang on their flanks and cut off the stragglers. They waged against the Spaniards therefore, this kind of a warfare from their landing until they crossed the Mississippi River.

At least one general battle occurred however, at the junction of the Alabama and Tombigbee Rivers, in which the Spanish loss in killed and wounded is reported at one hundred and seventy, and they claimed to have killed twenty-five hundred Indians.

After this battle, De Soto marched as rapidly as possible toward the northwest, and late in the fall of 1540, established winter quarters on the east side of the Mis-

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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sissippi, some distance below the present city of Memphis, Tennessee.

Contrary to the ideas we would derive from pictures of the discovery of the Mississippi, there was no ceremony connected with it whatever; no masses seem to have been celebrated and no cannons fired. De Soto had no idea of the importance of his discovery; indeed, he regarded the great river as merely an obstacle in his path to the golden cities he was to find and conquer.

June 18th, 1541, the Spaniards crossed the Mississippi on rafts and boats hastily constructed and some Indian canoes. They proceeded up the west bank of the river, fighting continually with the Indians, to a point somewhat below Island Number Ten.

The tribes encountered west of the river belonged to the great Siouan family of Indians, and were even more fierce and war-

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## **HERNANDO DE SOTO**

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like than those to the east. They assailed the invaders daily and fiercely, but Spanish arms and discipline prevailed and when a tribe or village was conquered, it was compelled to furnish food for the Spaniards and men and women to carry their baggage.

De Soto had been one of the conquerors of Peru as an officer under Pizarro. In that country he had secured an immense booty in gold by despoiling the temples of the Sun and the houses of the Incas and chiefs of their vessels and ornaments, and he had undertaken this expedition in the hope and belief that he would find other temples and cities to pillage. He therefore questioned all the Indians who fell into his hands and frequently put them to the torture to compel them to tell him where the cities were in which he might find gold. At first they told him the truth, that there were no such

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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cities and that they had never before heard of gold; but as this only brought them torture and death, they soon learned that the Spaniards would go anywhere if they thought they could find gold, and, to get rid of their unwelcome visitors, it was only necessary to tell them stories of unlimited gold and large cities in the west.

Toward the west then De Soto went, finding only barbarous tribes without knowledge of gold. These, however, warned perhaps by the interpreters with the Spaniards, still told of the precious metal further west, and he struggled on, fighting daily and nearly starving much of the time.

At length, in the fall of 1541, he reached the borders of what is now the Indian Territory, near the present site of Fort Smith, Arkansas. Here he came in contact with the hunting party of Osages. They fought

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## **HERNANDO DE SOTO**

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fiercely but were overcome by the Spaniards and driven back; but they made all speed to their village to rally the whole force of the tribe, as we have seen.

On his march west from the Mississippi, De Soto had fought a number of battles with the Indians, and while the victory was generally with the Spaniards, it was often dearly bought. Some of his men were being killed or wounded daily and all were worn out with the privations and hardships they encountered. Food was scarce and they dared not scatter to hunt for game as all such stragglers were sure to fall victims to the Indians who hung about his column on all sides.

The prospect of reaching the golden cities seemed no nearer than when they landed in Florida some eighteen months before. Many of his men were sick and De

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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Soto's own health was breaking down. The Spaniards were greatly discouraged and several of his officers had asked the commander to make his way south to the Gulf of Mexico and there build boats in which they might escape the almost certain extermination which threatened them.

De Soto listened to the complaints of his officers, but insisted that gold in abundance would soon be found. Had not Cortez found it in Mexico? Balboa in Panama? Pizarro in Peru? and were not gold mines being worked even in the small island of Santo Domingo? Gold had been found in every part of the Indies so far explored and were they not in the Indies? Had not all the Indians with whom they had recently come in contact assured them that further west there were large cities and gold in abundance? They must be near them, for

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## **HERNANDO DE SOTO**

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they had marched a long distance since they first heard of them, and it would be foolish to turn back now with the prize almost within their grasp. He pictured to them the pleasures they might enjoy upon returning to Spain enriched by the spoils of these cities and the heathen temples they would doubtless find in them. It was only necessary that they persevere a little longer and wealth untold would be theirs. True, the men and horses were exhausted and nearly starving and they were surrounded by the most warlike and ferocious Indians they had yet met, but he would learn of some locality where corn might be found in plenty, there they would remain until spring and then push on to success. He assured them that if anything happened to convince him that these cities were mythical and that a farther search for them was

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**HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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hopeless, he would at once turn either toward the Gulf or the Mississippi and abandon the object of the expedition.

De Soto was a magnetic man and a great commander. His officers were silenced if not satisfied, and it was agreed that after a short rest where they were, they should find some locality suitable for them to spend the winter.

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**THE PRISONER**

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**CHAPTER XVI****THE PRISONER**

AFTER the Council meeting at the Osage village, Hawk made farther inquiry in regard to the prisoner who was supposed to be insane. He was told that when captured the man was without arms and was not dressed like the white warriors, having a long black robe; that he appeared to have been scalped, as the top of his head was bare; but, strangest of all, he wore a long string of beads with a piece of bright metal attached, and to this he talked continually, remaining all the while on his knees. Many thought from these strange actions that he must be insane,

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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and among all the Indian tribes a man who had lost his mind was regarded as sacred and he must on no account be injured.

Hawk knew at once from the description that the man was a Spanish priest. He immediately sought the head chief, and after relating part of his own adventures with Coronado and stating that he could talk the white man's language, asked permission to visit the prisoner. The chief told Hawk that the arms of the white men were too powerful for the Indians, but they must kill every prisoner and keep up the war until the invaders, losing their men one by one, should become discouraged and leave the country. Hawk said: "My father, the prisoner is one of the great medicine men of the whites, and if I can see him I hope to secure his aid in a plan to induce these invaders to return to their own land."



THE RELEASE OF THE PADRE.



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## **THE PRISONER**

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On this the chief gave him permission to talk to the prisoner, who was under guard near the Council House. He found him securely tied to a tree, but on his knees telling his beads, the crucifix in his hand and his eyes toward Heaven, while he rapidly repeated Latin prayers. He had been informed that he was to be burned alive the next morning, and the poor priest was nearly insane with terror.

He did not pay any attention to Hawk's approach, taking him only for another of his tormentors; but continued his Ave Marias and Pater Nosters. The Osage stood before him a moment and then said: "Buenos noches, Padre" (Good evening, Father) in very good Spanish. The astonishment of the poor priest was beyond bounds. His prayers ceased, and he poured forth such a volume of Spanish that Hawk

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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could not follow him and could only understand that he was begging that his life be saved.

Hawk assured him he would do all he could to save him, showed him his own rosary, crucifix, certificate of baptism and the dagger and coins given him by Coronado. The priest was very curious in regard to the Coronado expedition and its success, as before he left Havana he had learned that an expedition was preparing to leave Mexico for the conquest of the Seven Cities of Cibola. He wanted to know particularly if Coronado had found much gold. Hawk told him that the Spaniards had found and conquered these cities but did not find an ounce of gold; that they had then marched many hundreds of miles east and northeast, finding no gold and only barren plains, and that becoming satisfied

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## **THE PRISONER**

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no gold existed in the country, Coronado and his men had returned to Mexico.

The priest said: "My son, is there indeed no gold in this country?" Hawk told him none whatever and no cities, only barren plains without much water and no food except the buffaloes which roamed over them. The Padre said: "My son, I believe you are telling the truth. What do the Indians want?" The Osage replied: "My father, this land belongs to my people. They are poor, but they love their homes and they want the white men to leave them and return to their own country." The priest said: "My son, if you will save my life and go with me to our commander, I think he will believe you and when he becomes satisfied no gold can be found he will return whence we came and leave the Indians in peace."

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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A number of the chiefs had gathered in the lodge while this conversation had progressed and Hawk explained to them the substance of what had been said by the priest and asked that he be untied, that food be given him and that he be made comfortable, and this was done.

The chief asked Hawk to attend the Council meeting that night and explain more fully the conversation he had with the prisoner.

At the Council Hawk was almost the only speaker, except for a few questions the others remaining silent. He said: "My fathers, it is known to you that I was wounded and captured by the Comanches. They did not treat me unkindly, their intention being to adopt me into the tribe. They carried me far to the west and I have seen many things. After many days' jour-

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## THE PRISONER

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ney the Comanche party fell in with a large body of white men like those who have now invaded the Osage country. I need not describe them, for you have seen them and our young men have met them in battle. This party had come from far to the southwest where many white men live, and had conquered all the countries through which they marched. Their bodies were covered with clothing of metal which the Indian arrows would not penetrate, their knives were long and sharp, and they had hollow metal sticks which spat out fire, made a noise like thunder and sent a small metal ball a long distance so that it would kill an Indian at the distance of two bow-shots. The chief of these white men purchased me from the Comanches, intending to have me taught the language of the white men and act as their interpreter. The chief was kind to

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**HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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me and caused me to ride on one of the large animals you call sunka wakanda or mysterious dogs, but which are horses; and he always kept me near him. As soon as I had learned a little of their language, the chief told me many things and asked me many questions about large towns toward the east where there was much gold. I told him truly there were no large towns, only great plains, and buffaloes upon which the Indians subsisted, and as for gold, I had never heard of it. He showed me some small pieces of yellow metal like these," — exhibiting a couple of coins, — "and I told him I had never seen or heard of it before; that the only metal I had ever seen was red like that on some of their armor and which they called copper, and that this came from a country far to the northeast.

" He had another captive, a Pawnee, who

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## **THE PRISONER**

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had told him these lies about large towns and gold.

"After many days' journey toward the east, we met other Indians, who confirmed my statement, and the white chief was very angry at the Pawnee for his lies and ordered me to kill him, which I was very glad to do — for was he not a Pawnee? — and here is his scalp. The white chief then made me guide him far to the north, where he found some small towns but no gold. The white men were then discouraged and turned back to their own country, releasing me at the crossing of our river but far toward its head. The white chief and his men gave me many presents, some of which you have seen. With the whites was a great medicine-man called Padre Juan de Padilla. He dressed in a long robe and the top of his head was bare, but he had not

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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been scalped. These medicine-men do not fight as warriors like ours do, and to show this the top of the head is shaved so that they have no scalp-lock for an enemy to grasp. They accompany the warriors on the war-path, but only to work their charms and medicine for the success of the war-party and the discomfiture of their enemies.

"Among the Indians there are many fetiches, each warrior having the mystery bag given him at his initiation, but the whites have only one which they all worship. It is the yellow metal they call gold. Of this they make charms of small round pieces like those I but now showed you, but their most powerful fetich is like the one you saw on the prisoner's string of beads. They recite their incantations and talk to this every day in a language different from that usually spoken, as our own medicine-

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## **THE PRISONER**

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men talk to the spirits. This fetich is very powerful and it tells them how to make wonderful arms and the clothes which arrows will not enter. The strongest fetiches are made of gold and each man desires to have one; but as all the gold in the country of the whites has been exhausted, they go to other countries in search of this object which they worship, and will brave all dangers and suffer all hardships to procure it.

“This Padre, Juan de Padilla, was very kind to me. He caused me to ride beside him and taught me daily the white man’s language. When I had learned enough of it, he explained to me the mystery of his medicine and gave me one of his gods. Here it is.”

At this Hawk produced his rosary and crucifix and offered it to the nearest Indian for inspection; but the man drew back and

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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he could get none of them to touch it. Indeed, it seemed at first there would be a stampede from the Council House, but when assured by Hawk that he could control the spirit and it would do them no harm, each warrior walked slowly past and gazed with awe upon the god of the white man.

Hawk then told them that their prisoner was a Padre like Juan de Padilla. He said these medicine-men were very powerful among the whites and the greatest chiefs did not dare to disobey them. He said: "My fathers, I have convinced this Padre that I understand his mysteries and he therefore believes my statement that there is no gold to be found in this country for making gods and has promised me that if his life is spared and he is released he will aid me to convince the chief of the white men that

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## THE PRISONER

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further advance is useless and he will order him to return to the white man's country. My fathers, I have spoken."

There was but little debate in the Council, although some questions were asked which were answered by Hawk, and it was voted that the prisoner should be released and Hawk should accompany him on the following day to the camp of the Spaniards for the purpose of interviewing De Soto.

The statement of Hawk that he had been taught the secrets of the white man's medicine and his possession of the mysterious rosary and crucifix, had added not a little to his standing in the estimation of the warriors, and some of them even regarded him with awe.

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## HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE

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### CHAPTER XVII

#### SUCCESS

EARLY next morning the principal chiefs, accompanied by Hawk and the Padre, started down the Arkansas River in canoes. A short halt was made at the camp of the Osages, who were about to commence another attack upon the Spaniards. They desisted, however, from this at the command of the head chief, who desired first to try the effect of Hawk's diplomacy, as outlined the night before.

Re-embarking in one of the canoes, Hawk and the Franciscan soon reached the Spanish outposts and were at once conducted to the presence of De Soto. The Padre introduced Hawk as Yosepte, a baptized Chris-

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## SUCCESS

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tian who could talk the Spanish language and had recently been interpreter for an expedition sent out from Mexico under the command of Vazquez de Coronado. He also said Yosepte had saved the priest himself from being burned at the stake.

Hawk addressed the white commander in fairly good Spanish, bowing before him as he had been taught was proper in the presence of a superior, and he exhibited his rosary, crucifix and coins, and the dagger given him by Coronado. He also showed his certificate of baptism, and thinking it was a good opportunity to air his accomplishments, crossed himself and repeated the Pater Noster. His Latin was most likely a little faulty, but it was probably as good as De Soto's. Hawk's credentials were convincing. All the officers gathered around him and he was questioned far into

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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the night concerning the Coronado expedition and its results. All were convinced of the truth of Yosepte's statements. They were satisfied, too, that their own expedition was likewise a failure and that no gold was to be obtained. When Hawk told them that toward the west they would find only barren plains and at the end of many weeks' journey merely the Pueblo towns without gold and already subjected to Spanish rule by Coronado, the officers again renewed their request that they be led to the Gulf or the Mississippi. De Soto replied that a council would be held the next morning.

Hawk returned to the Osage camp after promising a visit to the Spaniards for the next morning. He reported to the chiefs the progress of his negotiations and told them the white men were much discouraged and he thought they would decide to

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## SUCCESS

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return to their own country. The Council gave him full power to conclude any treaty with the Spaniards which would produce that result, and there was much rejoicing in the Osage camp over the prospect that the invaders would soon leave the country.

The next morning De Soto called a council of his officers and the situation was discussed. There was no dissenting voice as to the course which should be adopted, but the men were exhausted, the horses nearly starved and they were not able to proceed so far as the Mississippi. The winter was upon them and to start now for a long march in their enfeebled condition, was to court disaster and it was certain that few, if any, would survive the march, to say nothing of the continual warfare they were likely to have with the Indians. The Padre whom Hawk, or Yosepte, had rescued was

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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present and at his suggestion the young Osage was sent for. When he came De Soto told him the white men had concluded to start for their own country as soon as they could, but it was now winter and the men and horses had nothing to eat. If they could find a place where food was plenty and they could spend the winter in comfort they would, in the spring, depart never to return.

Hawk said his own people were poor; they raised little corn, depending, for the most part, upon hunting for their support; but a few days' march to the south would bring the Spaniards to the country of the Caddoes, who raised great quantities of corn and vegetables and whose country abounded in game. He said his own people would strip themselves of provisions to supply their immediate wants, would send a

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## **SUCCESS**

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large party to guide them to the Caddo country, hunt game for them on their way and carry their baggage.

To this the Spaniards agreed, and when Hawk presented the matter to the Osage Council, he had little trouble in having his agreement ratified. Abundant provisions were furnished by the Osage villages, and the Spaniards departed for the south, escorted by the now friendly Osages.

On reaching the Caddo country that tribe was at first disposed to be hostile; but when Hawk had explained to them that the strangers desired to remain only until spring, when they would be forever rid of them, and, moreover, if they refused to receive and entertain them in a friendly manner, the whites, having superior arms, would certainly take what they wanted by force, and the result would be a bloody

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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war in which the Indians were sure to be worsted, they reluctantly consented to a peace and to supply the Spaniards with provisions during the winter.

When the Osage escort left for their own villages, many of them received arms and trinkets as presents from the Spaniards. De Soto himself gave Hawk a sword, dagger, lance and some yards of red cotton cloth, and, last but not least, a coat or doublet trimmed with gold lace, somewhat tarnished, it is true, but it was long cherished by Hawk to be worn on great occasions.

History relates how the Spanish adventurers in the spring journeyed to the Mississippi; how their leader was taken sick on the way and carried in a horse litter; how he died on reaching the great river and was first buried in a hut, but fearing that the Indians, who had been told the

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## SUCCESS

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commander was immortal and had gone to Heaven to bring more Spaniards, should learn of his death, his body was taken up at night, weighted with stones and consigned to the depths of the great river he had discovered.

History tells, too, of the wanderings of the survivors in an attempt to reach Mexico by land; and their final return to the Mississippi, where they constructed flat-bottomed boats in which a pitiful remnant of the adventurers reach a port of Mexico the next fall.

Hawk and his companions returned to the Osage villages as soon as they had conducted the Spaniards to the Caddo country. His success in negotiating the evacuation of the country by the whites had greatly raised him in the estimation of the tribe. The presents he had received easily made him

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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the richest of the Osages, and the possession of the mysterious "medicine," the rosary and crucifix, rendered him not only most popular, but a man greatly to be feared. He had been able to understand very little of Padre Juan de Padilla's religious instruction. He had looked at it entirely from an Indian's point of view. To him the crucifix was but another form of "mystery bag," which must certainly contain a powerful spirit, since, as he understood, it gave the whites their superior weapons and power. The Pater Noster taught him by the good father, was but the form of incantation to be used to invoke the services of the spirit embodied in the crucifix. His own baptism he regarded as simply his initiation into the priesthood or society of the medicine-men of the whites, and he considered himself really a Padre, but as he intended

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## SUCCESS

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to remain a warrior also, he concluded to omit shaving off his scalp-lock.

The Osages readily adopted the belief that Hawk was learned in the medicine of the whites, and when any were very sick he was called. He would dress himself in his gold laced doublet with all his ornaments, take the rosary in hand, holding up the crucifix and repeating to it Pater Nosters as well as he could recollect them. He would also rub the cross over the painful or injured part. After this treatment his patients invariably declared they felt much better; but Hawk was smart enough to remember the treatment which had cured Dove, and whenever he had a pronounced case of chills and fever, he supplemented the Pater Nosters with a prescription of bitter bark to be followed by hot baths and broth.

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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Hawk found many uses for the presents he had received from the Spaniards. He always wore the rosary wrapped two or three times around his neck with the crucifix in front as a pendant. He drilled holes in the gold coins and wore three of them in the cartilages of each ear. Of the silver ones he made a necklace for Dove with a small silver cross as a pendant, and on high occasions, even the two children wore coins in their small ears. He gave a dagger to his father and another to Panther, his father-in-law; but the sword and lance presented by De Soto, and the dagger of Coronado, he retained as his own special weapons. The flashing of these as he wielded them in battles with the neighboring tribes, procured for him the name of Lightning, and by this he was generally known.

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## SUCCESS

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In addition to her coin necklace, Dove wore numerous other ornaments of Spanish manufacture, as did several other Osage women; but none of the others had any red cotton cloth, and from the small piece given to Hawk she manufactured a wonderful skirt, which made her the envied of all the women, and this, of course, gave her great satisfaction.

A number of the leading Osage chiefs had been killed during the few engagements with the Spaniards, and during the winter Hawk was elected principal war chief without opposition. He filled this position worthily for many years, leading war-parties against the enemies of the tribe.

He continued to repeat the prayers to his crucifix and attributed much of his success in life to its powerful influence; but he still retained his mystery bag upon his per-

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## **HAWK: THE YOUNG OSAGE**

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son and sometimes said a Pater Noster to it.

Dove, however, was loyal to the Osage religion and traditions, and once, when her husband told her he thought most of his good fortune was due to the possession of the rosary and the prayers he said to it, she replied: "Mr. Hawk, you may say what you please about the white man's medicine, but I shall always believe it was the spirit my uncle, the medicine-man, sewed up in your mystery bag, brought you every bit of the good luck."



**THE END.**

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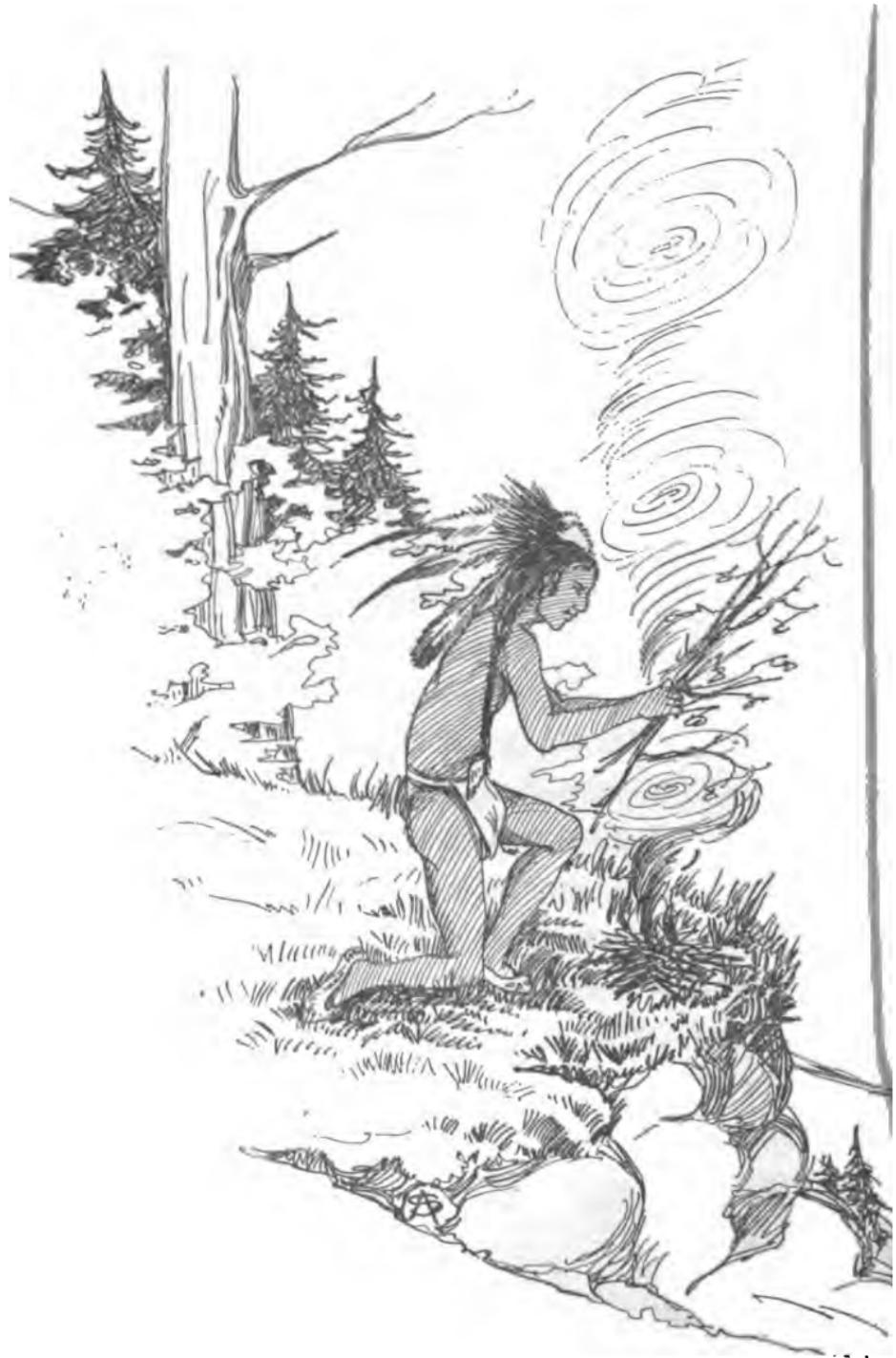
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